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THE SECRET.

BY EREN E. REXFORD,
Author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

A murmur of laughing waters
Where the lily-blossoms rook,
In the cool and shady eddies
Where the ripples interlock.
And close by the shore two lovers,
But no words of love they say,
Yet the prying breeze discovers
What they're thinking of to-day.
Ah! foolish and fond young maiden,
Ah! lover with soulful eyes,
Your smiles and your looks are laden
With the wealth of love's argosies.
The waters read your secret,
And the breezes whisper it o'er
To the robin whose nest is hidden
In the willow by the shore.
And the wild-bee tells to the clover
The secret so strange and sweet,
And the humming-birds whisper it over
In the wood-symph's cool retreat.
Oh, lovers, bright as the day is
May your future always be,
But no longer hide as a secret
The love which is plain to see!

The Scarlet Captain: OR, The Prisoner of the Tower. A STORY OF HEROISM.

BY COL. DELLE SARA,
AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN OF THE LEGION,"
"THE PRIDE OF BAYOU SARA," "SILVER
SAM," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE FALSE SON OF A TRUE RACE.
"He stood alone—a renegade
Against the country he betrayed."
—BYRON.

By the blue waters of the far-famed Adriatic Sea, lies Dulcigno's town; a small village only, yet boasting as strong a tower as can be found from Otranto's strait to the Gulf of Venice.

Right on the border-land between Montenegro and Albania the town is situated, and at the time of which we write, the summer of 1876, it was the scene of bustle and confusion. Nominally subject to Turkey, yet in reality almost independent in their mountain fastnesses, the stirring events which were shaking the Moslem empire to its very center—the de-thronement and death—assassination, to speak plainly—of one sultan, and the ascent to the blood-stained chair of state of another, affected the hardy mountaineers of Montenegro but little; yet when the new ruler of the old Ottoman empire talked blandly of reform and of equal rights to all his subjects, be they followers of the Prophet or Christians, but at the same time began to mass an army in the Christian provinces, signs of open revolt appeared.

With the army came the tax-gatherers, and the Turks talked loudly of the tribute due to the new sultan.

All the mountain land was inflamed; the spark of war might be lighted at any moment. The town of Dulcigno had been selected by the Turks as the headquarters of a powerful force.

It was plain that the insolent Moslems intended by this display of guns to awe the stubborn mountaineers into submission. From Dulcigno the Turkish host threatened the very heart of Montenegro.

And now, having thus briefly depicted the stormy aspect of the times, we will proceed at once to our story.

A short half-mile from the town, northward, by the shore of the rock-bound coast, the strong tower of Dulcigno reared its gray walls, keeping watch and ward over land and sea.

Half-way between the tower and the town was a small inn, which displayed as its sign the grinning head of a large black bear.

To all the travelers who journeyed along the winding way, following the shore of the sound sea from Dulcigno to Antivari and Cattaro, the inn of the Black Bear's Head was well known, being noted for its good cheer.

The shades of night were falling fast over rocky defile, sandy shore and ever-rolling wave.

Three men sat at a table, placed under a huge cork tree, a short distance from the ancient inn.

Three men as unlike each other as they possibly could be!

The first was a tall, fierce-eyed, sullen-faced person of forty, dressed, apparently, in a Turkish garb, for little of his costume could be seen, as he was closely enveloped in one of the peculiar garments common to the Albanians, a huge woolly mantle, made of horse-hair, with a cape attached, and termed a capote.

The second was a short, thick-set man, gross in face and form. He was dressed in the loose, baggy uniform, which the Turks borrowed from their allies, the French, at the time of the Crimean war. He had red hair, cropped to his head, huge red whiskers, and the little eyes which twinkled above his fat cheeks were as blue as the waters of the smiling Adriatic.

A chief of note was this personage in the Moslem host. He commanded a division of Bashi Bazouks, as the irregular cavalry of the Turks is termed, and the camel-driver Prophet, great Mahomet, never had a more ardent worshiper



A pretty, bright-eyed girl from the inn answered the summons.

In public—than the stout soldier, Oflan Agan, as the warrior was termed.

But, surely, no Turk ever wore such a grin; no turbaned believer ever had such a capacity for strong liquor.

Write the name again then: O'Flanagan, Phelim O'Flanagan as he was christened, years ago, by old Father O'Toole, the parish priest of Ballingary, county Munster.

As a private soldier during the Crimean war O'Flanagan had marched away from his native hills. At the end of the strife he had accepted the liberal offers made by the Turks to induce Europeans to enter their service, and now, behold him after the lapse of years, transformed into a follower of the Prophet, his Celtic name transmogrified, he himself wedded to six wives, but in reality the same blundering, warm-hearted son of Erin as in the old days, when a strong arm, a stout heart and a "putty black-thorn stick" had comprised his earthly possessions.

The third one of the three was a little, wiry-looking fellow, habited in the Turkish uniform, and bearing the emblems which showed that he held the rank of colonel. He was called Hassan El Moola.

Although it is one of the articles of the Moslem creed that true believers shall not indulge in the juice of the grape, yet a bottle of the thin, native Albanian wine was before the three men and they were doing ample justice to it, the Irish-Turk, Oflan Agan, particularly.

The three had met evidently by appointment.

A few hearty drafts of the wine taken, the conversation began.

"Well, and how goes everything?" asked the tall man, whose name we have not yet given, but who was evidently the master-spirit of the three.

"I for one have obeyed your orders to the letter," Hassan answered. "My regiment is in possession of the tower and I have diligently strengthened the defenses so that I feel confident I can hold it against ten thousand men."

"Be the bones of St. Patrick!" cried the Irish-Turk, vociferously, but his speech tinged with the "sweet brogue" native to the South of Ireland, which neither time nor toil had served to diminish in the least, "but it's myself that has done exactly as ye bid! My division is posted just this side of the Pass of Douira, and some me b'yes—wilder divils the world never saw!—have discovered a goat-track over the mountains, so that if the rascals get wind of our design and attempt to hold the pass ag'in us we can flank them by means of the goat-track and come down on their rear and then bag the lot of them."

"Excellent!" the tall, dark man exclaimed. "All is as I could wish then, and to-night my plan culminates."

His two companions looked inquiringly at their leader. It was plain that they were not in his confidence.

He noticed the look and understood the tenor of the questions which they wished to ask.

"Before midnight you shall know all," he said. "I am playing for a great stake and I have left no means untried to win. Hassan, is the suit of apartments in the tower prepared, for the lady?"

"It is."

"She will come as night thickens. Even now she is detained at the outpost by my orders under pretense that her passports are not correct. I do not wish her to see where she is going until it is too late for her to retreat."

"An' is it fair, general dear, to ax who is the lady?" questioned the Irishman, anxious as a woman.

"Catherine Belina, Countess of Scutari!" "Bedad! ye fly at high game!" the Irishman exclaimed.

"Yes, else why should I take all this trouble? The lands of Scutari lie between us and Montenegro; bold and warlike mountaineers are these Scutari men, and whether they join hands with Nicholas of Montenegro, or ally themselves with us, depends upon the result of my plans. If I succeed, the way lies open into the very heart of Montenegro. I know these mountain men well. I am of their race, although I have forsworn my kin and clime and become a renegade, a man without a country. Come! the night draws on. Catherine, the fairest woman that ever breathed this mountain air, will soon be here. We must to the tower to receive her."

The three paid their score, mounted their horses and set out.

CHAPTER II.

THE AMERICAN AND THE UNKNOWN.

HARDLY had the figures of the three persons disappeared in the distance when another mounted man came up the road from the town. A tall, handsome fellow this time, evidently a mountaineer, for he was dressed after the Albanian fashion. A scarlet velvet jacket and vest, richly trimmed; a kilt-like skirt reaching to the knee, confined at the waist by a scarf of many hues, through the folds of which a pair of silver-mounted revolvers were thrust. The muscular legs of the stranger were protected by leggings of velvet cloth, held in their place by greaves of metal. Upon his head he wore the national head-dress of the mountaineer, a scarlet skull-cap, around which a light shawl was twisted, turban fashion, and hanging from his shoulders was the ever-common horse-hair mantle, the capote. In addition to the pistols, a sabre was buckled to his side.

A fine specimen of the hardy Montenegrin mountaineer was the horseman, with his long, oval face, fringed by flowing locks of dark-brown hair; his eyes deep hazel in hue, and bold and true in their expression. After the fashion of the mountain men, his beard was closely shaven, but he retained the mustache, the silken ends of which half hid his firm, resolute mouth.

The man was young, not yet thirty; but in his calm, thoughtful face could be read a resolution and wisdom seldom gifted to one of his years.

As he rode slowly up to the door of the inn, the eyes of the horseman were fixed upon the dark outlines of Dulcigno tower, rising dim and threateningly in the distance.

"What is the meaning of all these warlike preparations?" he muttered, communing with himself, "and why have they taken so much pains to fortify the old tower? Ismail Bey, too, the red-handed slaughterer, is here in person, and his presence always means mischief. Yon tower holds a secret which must be mine before the rising of another sun."

The horseman dismounted, seated himself at the table under the oak tree, and rapped upon it.

A pretty, bright-eyed girl from the inn answered the summons.

"A bottle of wine," said the horseman, tossing a gold-piece upon the table.

"Yes, sir, immediately," said the maid, with

a curtsy and a coquettish smile, retreating to the inn again. It was plain that the lass was an ardent flirt.

The stranger laughed to himself; despite his sober face, he had an eye for a pretty woman.

"The girl may afford me some information," he mused.

The maid returned with the wine and a drinking-glass, and also the change for the horseman's gold-piece.

"Yon gray pile is the tower of Dulcigno, if I mistake not," the stranger half queried.

"Yes, sir," replied the girl, quite willing to enter into a flirtation with the handsome fellow.

"Garrisoned now, I believe, by Turkish troops?"

"Yes, sir; the Bashi Bazouks of Hassan El Moola; terrible fellows they are, too, sir, but not half so bad as Oflan Agan's rascals."

And just at this point the conversation was suddenly interrupted.

Forth from the inn came a young, dashing-looking fellow; no Turk or Albanian, nor yet a Muscovite, but an unmistakable Anglo-Saxon, booted and spurred, and dressed in a rough traveling costume; well armed, too, revolvers and sabre and a repeating rifle slung across his back.

"I thought that I could not be mistaken!" he exclaimed, advancing straight to the horseman with outstretched hands; "although I might have expected to meet you somewhere in this region, yet I did not think that I should so soon have the pleasure."

"Ah, you remember me!" quoth the horseman, hastily, and with a warning look in his eyes.

"Oh, yes, your—"

"Captain!" cried the stranger, quickly. "I have been promoted since we met in Paris."

"Yes! I am glad to hear of it."

The girl, understanding that her presence was no longer required, discreetly withdrew, leaving the two friends, for such in truth they were, to converse without restraint.

Robert Lauderdale, the new-comer was called; a son of the great western republic, far across the rolling waters, a native of the State of Mississippi, and a brave and able officer of the Confederate army during the war of the rebellion.

Six months previous to the time of which we write, at the Grand Hotel in Paris he had made the acquaintance of the horseman. Both being about the same age, with tastes in common, the two had become quite intimate.

"The times are troublous now, and I am on Turkish soil," the horseman explained. "I was afraid lest, unconsciously, you might betray me. The Bashi Bazouks would not be apt to show me much mercy."

"Is war then declared?"

"Not yet, but it is liable to be at any moment."

"I am in time, then."

"You intend to take a part in the struggle?"

"Am I not a soldier of fortune?" demanded the American. "An exile from my own land, I hope to win fame and wealth here in the old world."

"The Turk pays well, and European officers are in demand," the horseman observed quietly.

"No Turk buys my sword!" Lauderdale cried, quickly. "The Christian mountaineers of Montenegro shall be my comrades. The son of a free soil, I sympathize with the men who struggle for liberty against a tyrant!"

The stranger quietly extended his hand, which the American clasped warmly.

"You shall have my influence if it can serve you," the horseman said.

"Your influence must be all powerful, your—"

"Captain!" exclaimed the horseman, warningly. "You must not forget; I am only a simple captain."

"Yes, but Captain what! Suppose I were questioned?"

"Well, Captain anything—Captain Scarlet if you like," responded the other, with a smile, glancing at his attire as he spoke, the prevailing hue of which was scarlet.

"Yes; Captain Scarlet or Scarlet Captain, eh? like a romance of the olden time; and then, as a partisan leader—the role which I presume you will play here—you will need another title, something striking. Suppose we say the Slasher of Scutari, as I presume the field of your operations will be on the Montenegrin side of Lake Scutari."

"The title will answer admirably!" the Captain—for so in future we will term the horseman—replied, laughing.

"We'll drink success to the Scarlet Captain!"

A stray glass had been left upon the table; gayly they quaffed the thin wine.

"Is yonder gray castle the tower of Dulcigno?" Lauderdale asked, his eyes falling upon the ancient keep.

The Captain nodded.

"The very place I was in search of! Before midnight that tower will hold two more precious jewels."

"Indeed? Explain."

"A month ago, at Baden-Baden, I made the acquaintance of a most charming girl, Alexina Petrovitch by name, and foster-sister to Catherine Belina, the Countess of Scutari. I also became acquainted with the countess at the same time, but, although she is a most beautiful girl, there is altogether too much of the grand dame about her to suit me. I am an adventurer, with nothing but my sword, for my ancestral acres, the old plantation in Mississippi, are so heavily incumbered that I count them as nothing. Alexina is an orphan, without fortune, so we are exactly suited to each other. My courtship was progressing splendidly, when the news came of the death of the old count, Catherine's father, and she was summoned home. My lady-love of course went with her, and I followed. I saw a chance to kill two birds with one stone—pursue my suit with the charming Alexina and at the same time, being on the spot where the coming war was likely to transpire, I could take part in it."

"But what has the castle to do with these two ladies, for, as I understand, they are the jewels to whom you have referred?"

"Exactly. In the tower of Dulcigno the countess is to meet the executors of her father's estate. Through some misunderstanding the party is detained at one of the Turkish outposts, but I was assured by the officer in charge that they would reach the tower just after nightfall. It is necessary for me to gain entrance to the tower, for I must see Alexina; she has no idea that I am here."

"I'll go with you!" the captain exclaimed, abruptly. "I am anxious to learn why the Turks have taken so much pains to fortify the tower."

"Capital! I can easily gain admittance; I have scraped an acquaintance with a Bashi Bazouk leader, one Skipton Pasha, who has promised to aid me."

CHAPTER III.

THE WILL OF THE SCUTARI MEN.

In the old tower a suit of apartments had been fitted up with unusual care, and to them the Countess of Scutari and her foster-sister, the gentle Alexina, had been conducted immediately upon their arrival.

They had been at the Turkish outpost until about eight o'clock, and then, with a thousand apologies for the delay, had been conducted straight to the tower.

The countess, coming with all possible speed, upon learning of the death of her father, had not staid for an escort, and was accompanied only by her foster-sister, two maids and the old priest, Father Ivan, who had brought the news of her parent's death.

A collation was prepared for the party immediately upon their arrival and the countess was informed that as soon as she had satisfied her hunger the executor of her father, the late Count Michael, would wait upon her.

Catherine Belina, Countess of Scutari, was as fair a woman as ever the Montenegrin sun had shone upon—tall and straight, a very queen in bearing, with great blue eyes, lustrous with ever-varying light; a face, pure Greek in its outline and as superbly modeled as though Dame Nature, jealous of the antique statues of the olden-time sculptors, had resolved, in this daughter of a modern age, to show how far living beauty could put to blush the perfection and trick of art.

One fault alone in the face—the proud and haughty expression which was ever written there.

Descended from one of the oldest families in Europe—boasting blood purer and more noble than the life-stream circling within the veins of many a crowned monarch, it was little wonder that the beautiful girl, fair as Venus, should also be as proud as Juno.

Many a noble gentleman, great in the council of statesmen, or else boasting a brilliant military fame, had sought to win favor in the eyes of the Montenegrin countess, but one and all had failed.

No suitor yet, no matter how great his name, how eager his suit, could boast that he had ever caused the heart of Catherine Belina to thrill at his presence.

"I seek a hero—a master," she was wont to say; "no common mortal for me!"

Alexina, her foster-sister, on the contrary, was as gentle and as lively as Catherine was severe and grave. A laughing, black-eyed beauty, small in stature but plump as a partridge, round in face as an apple, sparkling with wit, ever gay, it was not strange that she had captivated the wandering fancy of the young American adventurer, Robert Lauderdale; and this fair child of the blue Adriatic loved the bold and dashing stranger from the far New World, across the briny seas, the man who frankly said that his sword was his wealth, and like the knights of old, he would carve out a fortune with it, or die in the attempt.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," saith the proverb, and in this case the old saw seemed to be true, for Lauderdale, by his boldness, won favor in the bright black eyes which never before had smiled lovingly upon mortal man.

Catherine dismissed the attendants and signified that she was ready to receive the envoy. Into the chamber then stalked a tall and stalwart form. The fashion of the stranger's dress was hidden by the huge capote which enveloped him from head to foot, but upon his brow he wore the turban of the Turk.

Familiar and yet not familiar was the face of the man, and for a moment, the Countess of Scutari gazed upon him with a puzzled look, and then, confident that she was not mistaken in the belief which had seized upon her, with a look of scorn she addressed him:

"Years have passed since I have seen your face, and yet I think that I can call you by name if I choose," she said, bitter scorn in every intonation.

"You can," the stranger responded, briefly and coldly, standing well the lightning flashing from the scornful woman's eyes.

"John Belina, the Scutari boy, who forsook the hills of Montenegro and the homes of his people to join the cruel, turbaned Turk!"

"Right," John Belina, your cousin, who was driven like a dog from your father's house because he dared to forget that you were the countess of Scutari, and sought to woo and win you," the man replied, a bitter expression in his voice. "But now, thanks to the will of the ever-living God, the tide of fortune has changed, and I, the outcast—the renegade—come to you as the messenger of the men of Scutari to make known to you their will."

"Their will?" cried Catherine, proudly; "and what is their will to me? Say rather that you come to know my pleasure, and, as the messenger of the Scutari men, bear back to them my commands!"

"And are the mountaineers of Montenegro children that they should bow to a woman's words?" retorted the renegade, coldly.

This John Belina was the horseman whom we described in our first chapter, holding deep converse with the two Bashi Bazouk leaders.

"Say your say, sir, as quickly and as briefly as possible!" exclaimed Catherine, flaming into sudden anger.

Your father, Michael, count of Scutari, died one month ago, and being great in wisdom he foresaw that in the near future the Christian provinces owing allegiance to the Turk, would be convulsed by a mighty struggle, and seeing that the Scutari domain, Montenegro's buckler against the Turk, or the Turk's guard against Montenegro, must take sides either with one or the other, or else be ground to pieces between the two, and knowing also that a woman's weak hand was unfitted to sway the destinies of Scutari in such an hour, decreed in his last will and testament, with the consent and approval of the elders of his people, that you, his daughter and sole heir, being a woman, could not be expected to prove equal to the emergency, and that by the time you reach your twenty-first year you must have a husband or else the domain must go to the next male heir, your cousin. Mark stands in that light, but it was his hope and wish that by wedding that heir you might still remain Countess of Scutari, and yet give to his people a warrior's brain and hand to guide them through the threatening storm.

Catherine listened in utter amazement. "My cousin Mar is a noble gentleman!" she exclaimed, heatedly; "he will never consent to force me to a union, and yet he will be a leader to my people."

"Your cousin Mar is dead—killed by an assassin's hand," the renegade replied, in his cold, passionless tones. "And I, John Belina, the outcast, lost to sight in the Turkish ranks, whom for years all have believed to be dead, am now the next of kin to you; I am the direct male heir. Within a week you are twenty-one. You must be married within that time or else lose your domain. You are here, a prisoner in the strong tower of Dulcigno, guarded by my troops, and here you will remain husbandless—unless you consent to wed me in the interim—until you are twenty-one, and then the domain of Scutari comes to me through legal right."

"Oh! into what a snare have I fallen!" the countess exclaimed, in horror; "but you will not dare! When the truth is known all Europe will espouse my cause!"

"Dare, woman?" cried the false Montenegrin, sternly. "I have dared many things since I was forced by your father to fly my kin and clime. You know me as John Belina, the renegade, but the world knows me better as Ismail Bey, the Turkish general and the Pasha of Albania!" and as he spoke the renegade threw open the rough capote and revealed his rich Turkish dress—his breast covered with sparkling orders, rewards bestowed for many a daring deed.

And in truth Turkey's sultan had no better general than the renegade.

"By fair means or foul the domain of Scutari must be mine, and then your people will join hands with the Turks and we'll crush Montenegro beneath our iron heel. Remember! within one week you either become my bride or else Scutari is lost to you forever!"

And then the renegade turned upon his heel and stalked out of the apartment.

Too late Catherine saw the trap into which she had fallen; but, helpless as she was in the power of her cruel foe, what possible escape could there be?

CHAPTER IV.

A HUSBAND AT ANY PRICE.
"Oh, where were my wits that I did not detect this snare!" the girl exclaimed, mad with rage.

"Who could have detected it or looked for such treachery?" Alexina cried.

"True! this man has planned all with a demon's cunning."

"Within six days you must be married or else lose your domain!" the foster-sister observed, thoughtfully.

"Yes, and see how cunningly this base renegade has planned. I am here a prisoner and he will take care that I shall not have the chance to wed any one but him. My father must have been mad when he made such a will."

"But supposing that you were at liberty, would you marry without caring for the man?" Alexina questioned, innocently.

"Silly girl! can I not meet trick with trick?" Catherine cried, impatiently. "The will says that I must be married—must have a husband—but nothing more. How easy, then, to hire some poor fellow to wed me with the condition that he quit my sight the moment the ceremony is ended and never trouble me with his presence more!"

"That could be," Alexina observed, thoughtfully.

"Yes, certainly; what is there to prevent it, if I only had my liberty?"

"Might we not bribe one of the attendants to allow us to escape?"

"Small hope of that, for this stern and wily renegade has doubtless chosen his men well."

"I have it!" exclaimed the foster-sister, gleefully, and clapping her hands together, child-like with joy.

"A plan?"

"Yes; Father Ivan is with us and obedient to your slightest command; bribe one of the attendants to wed you; the father will perform the service; you will have a husband and your domain be saved."

Catherine shook her head.

"I doubt the plan succeeding; remember the faces of the men; grim, stolid Turks, every one."

"And if one would consent, would you really wed him?" Alexina asked, earnestly.

"Yes, in a moment, provided he agreed to the condition," the countess answered, firmly.

Alexina glanced around her cautiously, then came close to Catherine.

"There is a way if you will accept it!" she whispered.

"I am desperate and will not stop at anything to defeat this vile plot of which I am the victim!" the countess replied, firmly.

"You remember the gentleman who paid me so much attention at Baden-Baden?"

"The American?"

"Yes; Robert Lauderdale—he is here—concealed in yonder closet," and the girl pointed to an arched recess, heavily wainscoted, wherein a massive door appeared. "A private staircase leads from the closet to the main court of the castle. My gentleman has contrived to make a friend of one of the Bashi Bazouk captains, and so was enabled to get into the tower."

"And can we not escape by this secret staircase?" asked Catherine, anxiously.

"No, that is impossible, for the stairway leads directly into the main court, and every outlet is strongly guarded. The American is dressed like a mountaineer, and was brought into the tower with a skin of wine upon his shoulder, and so was able to deceive the sentry."

"But what is your plan, since it is not possible to escape?"

"You want a husband, and one willing to marry anybody?"

"Surely you would not give me your lover?" "Oh, no," cried Alexina, quickly. "I want him myself, and dearly as I love you, such a sacrifice, I fear, would be too much; but the American has a companion—"

"Ah! another American?"

"I do not know; I only noticed that there was some one with him—a handsome fellow enough, but muffled to the chin in a huge capote."

Catherine's proud lip curled just a little at the description.

"Handsome or ugly, it matters not to me, long as he is willing to do my bidding and abide by the conditions," she said, slowly, all the proud blood of her ancient race in her veins revolting at the trial.

"I'll speak to my gentleman at once, and explain the matter to him."

Alexina hastened to the closet, threw open the massive door and beckoned the two men, lurking within the recess, to enter the apartment.

Lauderdale and the unknown Captain advanced. The American had donned a mountaineer's garb similar to the one worn by the stranger.

Briefly, Alexina explained the situation, while the countess quietly seated herself at the table, never even deigning to cast a look at the man whom she intended to use as a weapon to strike a blow at the cruel and wily Ismail Bey.

A peculiar look appeared upon the pale face of the Captain when he learned the nature of the service required of him, and it was with careful eyes that he scrutinized the beautiful but haughty face of the Montenegrin countess.

"If my poor services can aid the lady, right gladly do I place them at her command," he said, when the foster-sister had finished her story, speaking in the slow and measured style so natural to him.

"Instruct Father Ivan as to the duties required of him," the countess said, and then as Alexina hastened to apprise the priest, she addressed the stranger.

"Approach, sir."

The man advanced until he stood at Catherine's side; his face quiet, even stolid, no trace of admiration upon it at the wondrous beauty of the woman whom he was about to serve after so strange a fashion.

"You understand the conditions, sir?"

"I believe so."

"It is to be but a marriage in name—the service I will richly requite once I am free. You pledge your honor as a gentleman never to claim the rights of a husband—you are a gentleman, I presume?"

"I hope so," the man replied, coldly.

"Your name?"

"Is that necessary?"

"Yes," she replied, imperiously.

"My comrade here, who knows me well, calls me the Scarlet Captain, sometimes, and sometimes the Slasher of Scutari."

"You are a robber, then, like nearly all the Albanians?"

"My enemies call me so," the man replied, in his quiet way.

"It makes no difference to me who or what you are, so long as you perform the service I require," Catherine observed, in her haughty style; "although, perhaps, it would have been more pleasant to me if you had been of noble blood."

"From one of the brothers Noah am I descended, but my family have never succeeded in discovering which one," the captain replied, with a grave face.

Catherine cast a quick glance at the man; she felt that she was well answered.

Alexina's return with the old priest put a stop to the conversation.

The worthy father was astonished, and vainly tried to dissuade Catherine from her resolve, but the resolution of the Montenegrin girl was not to be shaken.

"No, father," she exclaimed, "at any cost I must and will baffle this vile plot of which I am the victim. John Belina, the renegade, or Ismail Bey, whichever he chooses to call himself, shall find that cunning as he thinks he is, he can be matched by a woman's wit!"

"But this man! do you know aught in regard to him?"

"No; nor do I care!" the countess cried, impatiently. "He is but a tool to serve my purpose. I am desperate and will not stop at anything to break the snare into which I have fallen."

The old priest rolled up his eyes in dismay; he would fain have reasoned the girl from her resolution, but he knew the iron race of Belina too well to further attempt it.

The priest prepared for the ceremony.

"Come, my children," he said.

The two knelt before him.

The ceremony commenced.

At a little distance Alexina clung to her lover's arm.

"Who is the gentleman?" she asked, curiously interested in the pale and handsome stranger.

"A man, every inch of him, as the haughty Catherine will find one of these days, or I miss my reckoning," the American replied.

The final words were spoken, and the Scarlet Captain, the Slasher of Scutari, as he called himself, and Catherine Belina were man and wife.

And hardly had the priest closed the missal when there was a loud outcry: the door leading to the secret staircase was burst violently open, and Ismail Bey, heading a large number of Bashi Bazouks, rushed into the apartment, naked sabers gleaming in their hands.

(To be continued.)

AFFLICTED!

BY WILLIAM LISENBEE.

The young men here on Mineral street
Have organized a band,
And music's now on the decline
With very light demand.

They meet at eve most every night
And don't go home till three;
How they try to blow to blow so long
Is something strange to me.

Oh, how they blow! and how the sounds
Float upward through the air!
And how the neighbors shut their doors
And cry and tear their hair.

The cats and dogs that used to haunt
The place by day and night,
Have long since fled and left the town
Disgusted in their fright.

They think their music is sublime,
And always keep on hand
A good supply of it, and will
Deliver on demand.

They'll blow till all the air around
Is filled with horrid sounds,
And then of cakes and peanuts eat
About one hundred pounds.

And now they talk of serenades—
I've loaded up my gun,
And when they call around this way
There'll be one less trombone.

But hark! I hear their footsteps sound!
They're coming down the street!
Just hold! I'll lay my pen aside,
And now—that band's my meat!

The Bouquet Girl;

OR,

HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.

BY AGILE PENNE.

AUTHOR OF "ORPHAN NELL," "STRANGE STORIES OF MANY LANDS," "THE DETECTIVE'S WARD," "WOLF OF KNOX," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER INFORMATION.

CAPTAIN JACK was busy with his papers, but looked up as the detective entered.

The head of the Private Inquiry Office was well known to the lawyer, as he had had business dealings with him, but there was no love lost between the two, as the detective in two or three cases had succeeded in bothering the lawyer's plans considerably.

But Leipper always received either friend or foe with a smiling face, and therefore he greeted the burly detective quite cordially.

"How are you? Help yourself to a chair. Warm, isn't it?"

"Yes, quite warm."

The detective seated himself comfortably in an arm-chair and prepared for action.

"What's up?" Captain Jack questioned.

He understood that this was no mere visit of ceremony, but that the detective had come on business.

"I want to get a little information from you."

"Certainly; happy to oblige you; what is it?" and the lawyer, wheeling around in his chair, faced the detective with a pleasant smile upon his handsome face.

The detective took out his memorandum-book in the peculiar, methodical way so natural to him, opened it and glanced at one of the pages.

"I want you to give me the correct address of Mr. James Romells."

The lawyer was playing carelessly with a little ivory paper-knife, but as the name reached his ears, with a single convulsive movement the strong hands snapped the fragile toy in twain.

The detective, with his nose down in the memorandum-book—he was rather short-sighted, or pretended to be, so his detractors said—apparently was not watching the face of the lawyer, but in reality not the slightest expression of the features escaped him.

And over the expressive face of the lawyer a look of blank astonishment had rapidly passed. It was but momentary, though; in a second he had recovered his composure.

"James Romells," he said, slowly and reflectively. "James Romells—I don't think that I know any one by that name."

"Quite sure?" Pendarmock asked in his quiet way; and the lawyer, well acquainted with the detective's manner, understood at once that Pendarmock knew that he was not speaking the truth.

"Well, yes; but I say!" exclaimed the lawyer, rapidly, "will you allow me to ask you a few questions?"

"Of course."

"Why do you wish to know anything about this James Romells? Do you 'want' him for anything?"

The cant saying of the detective officer when he lays the hand of power upon the shoulder

of the criminal is, "You're wanted, my man!"

"Oh, no; nothing of that kind, at all," Pendarmock hastened to explain. "A party came to my office, left the name, and desired me to procure any information I could in regard to the party."

"And was my name mentioned in the matter?" asked Captain Jack, apparently very much astonished.

"Oh, no."

"Why, then, do you come to me in regard to the man?"

"Because I know that you know something about him," the detective answered, bluntly, much to the astonishment of the lawyer.

"Why, Pendarmock, you're a perfect jewel of a detective!" Captain Jack declared, forcing a laugh, but it was quite plain that the affair was far more likely calculated to give him matter for uneasiness than cause for merriment.

"I suppose it is of no use for me to deny all knowledge of this man."

"Not the slightest use, Mr. Leipper, for I know you do know something about him, or rather that you did know something. I speak more correctly, perhaps, to use the past tense," the detective remarked, in his cool, quiet way.

A peculiar expression shot across the face of the lawyer; it did not escape the sharp eyes of the detective, but for the life of him he couldn't detect what caused it or what it purport. For once the keen wits of the acute bloodhound-of-the-law were at fault.

"See, Pendarmock, you place me in a peculiar situation," he said, abruptly, and apparently with great frankness. "This man may be a client of mine, and how can I tell, if I give you his address—supposing I have it—that I shall not be doing him a mischief?"

The detective shook his head. It was a knotty point.

"Now I know you to be a man of your word," the lawyer continued, "and if you will give me a pledge that, if I am able to give you any information, it shall not result in mischief to him, why then I will overhaul my memory in regard to this Mr. James Romells."

Again Pendarmock shook his head.

"You can't give the pledge, eh?" and the lawyer appeared to be strangely interested, considering that he had at first denied all knowledge of the man.

"I can't give you the pledge with a free conscience, to be honest with you," the detective replied, "because I don't know anything about it."

"You don't?"

"No, honest! I haven't the remotest idea why the information is wanted."

"That's strange," the lawyer observed, contracting his bushy eyebrows.

"A certain party came to my office, gave me the name of James Romells and desired me to find out all I could about him, and that's all I know about it."

The lawyer cast his eyes down to the floor and remained silent for a few moments, evidently in deep thought.

"I don't understand this matter, at all," he said at last, after quite a long pause. "I suppose it is of no use to ask who the person was?"

"To betray one of my patrons would ruin my business," the detective quietly rejoined.

"If Romells is the man I think he is, he would be apt to give a trifle to know who it is that is so anxious about him," Captain Jack suggested, carelessly.

Jehiel understood the hint, but he was the son of honor where a client was concerned, so he quietly shook his head.

"You can't see it?"

"Couldn't do it, you know," Pendarmock replied.

"Well, I can't give you any information about the party," Captain Jack announced in an off-hand, careless way, "except that I have a vague remembrance of such a man and that I transacted some business for him; what it was I don't remember, but I don't think it amounted to much."

"You can't give the address, then?" and the detective rose as he spoke.

"No, but if I knew what he was wanted for—if the object of the inquiry was revealed to me, it is possible I might be able to obtain some information in regard to the matter."

"I'll see what the party says about it," and the detective retreated to the door.

"By the way," cried the lawyer, abruptly, halting Pendarmock with his hand on the door-knob. "Supposing that you don't succeed in getting any information in regard to this Mr. Romells—and I greatly doubt your being able to obtain any—and you get through with the party who wishes to prosecute the search, I suppose you would have no objection to taking a retaining fee from me to find out why this party wants Mr. Romells?"

"Oh, no; not the least objection," the detective replied, readily. "When I get through with the party I am entirely at your service."

"All right; come round and let me know."

The detective nodded and departed.

"Well," he mused, descending the stairs slowly, "this affair looked all plain and straightforward, but it is quite evident, now, that it is going to give me some trouble. I never saw Leipper taken so by surprise before, for he is about as cool a hand as I know of, anywhere, but he snapped that paper-knife as though it was made of pasteboard. There's something beneath the surface in all this, and I am beginning to get interested. This Romells is a valuable client, or Leipper would never have betrayed so much interest in the matter. I wonder if the lady is the party from whom the divorce was obtained? He doesn't think I will be able to procure any information in regard to the party, eh?" and the detective laughed quietly to himself.

"Well, well, we can tell that better after I have been at work on the case for a week or so. I must try what effect a five-dollar bill will have upon Mr. Leipper's office-boy; these lads have sharp eyes and ears, sometimes."

The bloodhound was eager on the scent!

CHAPTER XXIV.

A COOL PROPOSAL.

AFTER parting with the Bouquet-Girl, Avis had hurried along, her blood at fever-heat; her plan had failed; she had been repulsed with scorn and contempt.

"The little beggar! to dare to bandy words with me!" she exclaimed, almost ready to cry with rage. "And, what can I do possibly see in that miserable little creature to admire? A little sallow-face thing! and with impudence enough for a dozen! I ought to have slapped her face well, the little hussy!"

The Queen of the Blondes walked rapidly down Grand street toward Broadway.

Close behind her came the tall, dark man with stealthy tread, and as the enraged and baffled girl turned into New York's great artery, now dark and almost deserted, as it usually is at such an hour on Sunday evening, the man improved the opportunity to step forward and address her.

"Good-evening, mademoiselle," he said, and the strong foreign accent as well as the peculiar tone of the voice at once betrayed to the

quick ears of the actress that it was the seedy foreigner who had sought an interview with her, a few days before, at her hotel.

Avis drew herself up in stately dignity and glanced quickly around her.

In truth a nervous woman would have been alarmed, for the street was



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A correspondent soliciting an answer to a business letter, writes: "Please do not answer on postal-card, as I do not like my private business to be known to the whole neighborhood." A very proper request; but, a humiliating and provoking proof both of the impertinence of certain portions of "the public" and the gross violation of duty by the post office officials. A postal card should be as sacred to the mails as a letter, and as free from public or private espionage, and if it is not so there is but one person to blame, primarily, and that is the postmaster. In every instance where the contents of a postal card are made known to others, the betrayal of trust should immediately be reported to the Department.

The revival of the veritable "Injun Dick" was quite a surprise to readers, and a pleasant one too. That Dick Talbot should have survived the funeral pyre of Mt. Shasta was no more remarkable than his numerous remarkable previous escapes, and as it gave a fitting close to his career as "Injun Dick," and "Cherokee," it admirably covered his exit as Richard Talbot—more sinned against than sinning. The author, however, so loved his creation—for such it now stands out in American literature—that he conceived a new career in a new field, under a new and wholly impenetrable disguise, which it remained for "Velvet Hand" to reveal; and now that, as "Velvet Hand," he is no more, let not the reader be surprised if he is rehabilitated in guise and personage that will baffle penetration, in the new story, "Gold Dan," which Mr. Aiken is soon to give to the SATURDAY JOURNAL audience.

In the several "Libraries" now before the public the *Sunshine Library* is certainly one of the most unique and attractive. It departs from the beaten track of "popular literature" in presenting the great poems and works of high imagination by authors whose name and fame are the sure heritage of genius. Moore, Byron, Milton, Scott, Owen Meredith, Tennyson, all are thus far represented in their most signal productions, and when the series departs from the poetic field to introduce the exquisite "Undine" of La Motte Fouque, it gives indications of a scope of selection that will give it peculiar interest, value and popularity. It deserves to be in every reader's hands.

Sunshine Papers.

Homely But True.

There is a saying—old and homely, but intrinsically true—that "Every man must stand on his own bottom." This is metaphor, of course, and, as I previously intimated, metaphor couched in somewhat uncouth phraseology; but it conveys a very pertinent truism, with which too few people familiarize themselves. Those who have heard the old proverb quoted are legion; but those who have made a digest of its meaning and a practical application of it to all their walks of life, are sometimes hard to find.

Spiritually, morally, mentally, and socially, every man must stand on his own bottom; or, to translate more fully, every person must stand or fall, in each of these conditions, upon his own individual merits.

In the church may be found numberless individuals who are regular at all devotional services, helpful in all money-making entertainments, and devoutly orthodox in all their opinions. But, doubtless, their social circle lies within the church; the people whose good opinion they most desire to gain are among the working element of the sect; the persons whom they emulate, in dress, and style of living, and whose houses they desire to have open to them, are those who give considerable money toward the sustaining of the church, and encourage its efforts after financial ease through the medium of fairs and festivals. To be popular in the church, to attain prestige among its members, to have a society to dress for, and associate with, and visit among, is a necessity; nor is it entirely hypocritically gained. While these people are controlled by these circumstances, and actuated by the motives and feelings of those around them, they do, for the time, really feel and believe with them. But place them in a position foreign to any they have occupied heretofore; let them settle in a new country, where the controlling influence of society are not religious; or spend some time among individuals whose favor they court but whose manners and theories are in direct opposition to piety and orthodoxy; how will these pliable creatures meet the change in their spiritual atmosphere. Why, the props having been removed they will fall this way or that in accordance with the views prevalent about them. They thought they were Christians; but they were not truly standing on a personal and sure foundation. As long as Christianity was predominant in all about them, they were affected by it; but the moment the

supports were gone, they were weakly at the mercy of the newest influence, no matter how widely at variance from their previous beliefs.

So, morally, people depend upon others for support instead of standing upon their own personal convictions and integrity. Mr. B. feels an inward conviction that every kind of gambling is dishonest; that to make use of another person's property put under his protection, without that person's permission, is criminal; that to evade the payment of debt by legal chicanery is contemptible. He knows full well the true meaning of honesty, uprightness, manliness, and independence; but instead of taking them for the foundation stones of his life's structure, he miserably seeks to uphold himself upon the works of others and says, in weak excuse, "Fortunes have been made in this way; these deeds have been committed and repaired without harm; wealth and position have been often thus retained; other men more rich, more prominent, more high in social estimation, have done these deeds and have not lowered themselves. Why should not I?"

But it is not true! Never yet man did violence to his knowledge of good and evil without lowering himself; and there will come a time when, judged not by other people's actions, but by his own, he will be weighed in the balance and found wanting.

There are people who never have opinions of their own, who never think out a subject for themselves, but accept as their own convictions those of other people and allow all their codes of life to be formed by some one else's idea of right and wrong. Others there are who think to be estimated at their true worth by their dress, their manners, their style of living, their equipages or houses. Others fondly believe that travel or wealth will secure them prestige. Some persons are eternally quoting, "My cousin, the Hon. Mr. So-and-So," or "My friend, the wealthy Mrs. D.," or, "My uncle, the Governor of Ballahoo," and so hope to be estimated more highly because of relations or acquaintances.

But it is all vain! At every risk, be true to self; be independent; stand by your own convictions, though they differ from all the world; rank the approval of your own soul beyond earthly goods; and hold yourself too high for any accidents of wealth, position, or success, to lower or elevate you. For, after all, from birth to death, in time and eternity, your true value is based upon what you are; and what you have seemed, or how you have been related, socially, mentally, morally or spiritually to others, will count for naught.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

A NERVOUS HEADACHE.

WERE you ever afflicted with a nervous headache? I don't mean one of those simple attacks that people have so conveniently when they are not desirous of seeing certain individuals, or to escape some disagreeable task; but an upright and downright nervous, snapping headache. I say "snapping," for that seems to express the exact sensation. The head feels as though it would snap asunder, and you feel like snapping at everything and at everybody. You arise in the morning and think you may manage to eat something, but you no sooner get to the table than you think you never saw edibles look so disagreeable or less tempting, and when you rise from the table, leaving the meal untasted, some one is cruel enough to tell you that if you would eat a little you will feel better, when you know you will feel nothing of the sort.

You lie down on the lounge, and, after striving to think of something pleasant than your poor aching head, you are just entering that abode of peace, dreamland, when some one comes to your side and asks you if you feel better, and if there is anything one can do for your relief. The spirit of resentment seems to enter into your composition, and you are tempted to cry, "All I want is to be left alone," but you don't say so; you just murmur something about quiet and a little sleep being all you desire.

Again you near the borders of dreamland when you are awakened by a fearful crash. What was it? Had the house been blown over? Had an earthquake visited this land? No. Some one has merely dropped a book; but at such a time a small noise is a thunder-crash. You vow that people take delight in dropping books, slamming doors or causing a general hubbub when one wants to go to sleep; we exaggerate everything at such a time, even to our own further discomfort.

You forget about the book and go to counting the birds and flowers on the wall paper until the eyes again close and a feeling of sweet calm—of real delight—comes over you. Rest, at last, is yours, and you are floating over Arcadian streams, when some one comes punching around you, and you open your eyes in wild despair to see mother or sister feeling under you and saying, "Did I leave my scarf under you?" Of course they didn't, and of course they find it on the table before their eyes. Why couldn't they have looked there first and thus have saved you the torment of being aroused from your needed slumber?

Maybe brother Tom will crack nuts, pop corn or mend the saw while you are wooing repose, and then don't you "Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade," and all the rest of it? And when the rasping of steel grates on your ear, and you cannot help giving vent to an agonizing groan, brother Tom exclaims, "Some folks think the world must cease revolving, just because some folks have a slight headache."

Slight headache indeed! When your temples are throbbing, and your brain in a whirl of confusion! Well, you think every one is heartless and never think you may be too exacting. So the day passes, by fits and starts, until evening is at hand and they light the lamp, which glares directly in your face; then some mournful visitor drops in and cheers you up by remarking that she once knew a girl who was laid up for weeks, whose sickness commenced in just such a way as yours; and also comforts you by talking of death and the grave, and what a sweet new thing John Chizelle has in the way of tombstones, and ends by singing one of the most doleful, dismal hymns one could imagine, and keeping you awake and filling your mind with direful thoughts.

But, at last, patience ceases to be a virtue, and you think that frail mortality can bear something but not all. You arise from your couch and some one sweetly asks, "Why, where are you going?"

You answer, "I'm going to die and be an angel and have a nice tombstone erected to my memory. I'm going to a land where books are not dropped, or folks punched, or where filling of saws is not known—where doleful hymns are unsung when one is sick—to a land where I can be let alone. Yes, I'm going to die and be an angel."

And, to show your angelic disposition, you "grab" a lamp and rush straightway to your

room, lock the door and go to bed, and to sleep at last. The next morning you are all right, while you and everybody inwardly rejoice that you don't have a nervous headache every day.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Haps and Mishaps at Niagara.

FIVE weeks ago I first saw Niagara Falls. I had never made its acquaintance before. I guess it was as much surprised at my appearance as I was at its. I could not see where all the water came from, and thought that it would never stop tumbling over.

I stood in awe and wonder—and a pair of new boots that I had bought in New York, I took it all in. As the world of waters went down, my sensitive spirits went up. I was so taken up with the wonderful sight that I did not notice a fat man standing on my toe—he did not notice the toe. I felt like yelling out, in the exuberance of my spirits, "Hoopes!" Jones' mill-dam was nothing to it. I could not stand the pressure; the spirit of poetry seized me. I asked the crowd to stand a little back, and on a piece of brown paper which was wrapped around my cheese I wrote the following ode to Niagara:

Hail, Niagara, and rain!
Thunder and storm and pour,
Tumble, thou giant of tumblers,
Full to the brim evermore;
Glorious gloriosity!
Tremendous tremendous!!
Perpendicular up-and-downness,
Irresistible swash!
No shall say thou art bosh,
Great awe-manu acturing Gush!
Thunder, thunder and lightning!
Jewellikens and blue blazes,
Rainbows around thee are brightening—
The placiest place of all places!
So full of cataclysm!
And misty wet attraction;
And what a grand array
Of grandeur clusters around thee
And hotels at five dollars a day!
Great grumbler and rumbler,
Thou slippest off thy walls;
What a fall is here, my countrymen!
In truth here everything is false,
Avast there, old vastness,
And shake, thou giant Shaker!
Fume and splash and splutter
And quake away, old Quaker!

This poem was never published before, and was only offered to the editors. The editor of the *Atlantic* said it was too far in advance of the age, and that the class of people who take the magazine would fail to see all the beauties of the ode.

So rapt was I gazing at the falls that the fellow who took my pocket-book out of my best pocket did not arouse me. It contained fifty dollars. It would have troubled me a good deal but it happened to be money which I had borrowed, and of course was not my loss. I did not have to pay it back. I had my other money in the lining of my coat, the proceeds of a speculation in coon-skins.

The spray fell upon the nap of my white beaver and dampened my long-tailed gray coat, which my grandfather had left me, but I did not care for that. I even failed to raise my umbrella which had three good ribs. I did not notice that my boots were enveloped in mud, though it would have had to be high to reach my pants. My white cotton gloves were unsold.

While standing there a very polite gentleman came up to me—recognizing me perhaps—and kindly asked me to get into his carriage and take a ride with him. I thanked him warmly and accepted his gracious invitation. We went around to a great many points of interest and I enjoyed the honor very much, but when we came back he asked me for ten dollars.

When I wanted to know what that was for, he said to pay for the carriage. I told him I hadn't hired it. Man got saucy. Put my carpet sack and umbrella down. Introduced myself to driver as John C. Heenan. He thought it was the same; had me arrested and fined twenty-five dollars, but it was worth it.

Crossed over into Canada. Police revenue officer said he would have to examine my carpet-sack, as it might contain something contraband. People of late had got to smuggling things—overthrowing-machines, pile-drivers, cipher-mills, etc., in carpet-sacks, and they must put a stop to it. He took my carpet-sack, opened it and took out one shirt with the white corners worn off, two pairs of socks, not turned, one paper collar worn only on one side, and a small vial of—of brandy, which I always take along when I travel, in case I should meet somebody who would need it. He drank the brandy to see if it was dutiable or not, but said he couldn't allow a washing to come into the Queen's dominions without extra duty. It was a disgrace to her majesty. I apologized and told him I would have had all those things washed two or three weeks before I had them. I was coming over. He got facetious and hinted that if I could play corn on those clothes I would raise a crop for market. This riled me, and for a moment it looked as if I would become involved in complications with Great Britain. But he told me to pack up my wardrobe and he wouldn't charge me anything that time.

Got a drink of lemonade with no lemon in it, twenty cents; also got dish of ice-cream without ice or cream. Sneezed and they charged me a quarter. Hackman wanted two dollars to take me up to Falls; told him I didn't want to buy the team. Cost me only one dollar to walk.

Shirt in carpet-sack all mashed up by hackman pulling at it to get me to get in. One handle pulled off. One hackman pulled too hard and carried his nose off for repairs.

Got boots blacked; bootblack calculated the discount and gave me the change—a little short. Smart boy.

Had photograph taken with the Falls pouring down at my back. Somebody pointed to mouth and asked if that wasn't the Cave of the Winds. Picture spoiled by presence of unsentimental bootblack in it, poking fun and making faces; wasn't discovered till too late.

While below looking up at Falls slipped off a rock and fell in the river; broke a rib—of umbrella. Wrung myself out, and sat on a rock to dry. Carpet-sack saved.

Asked hackman what side of the river the suspension bridge was on; said he'd take me there and show me for five dollars. Preferred remaining in ignorance and money. For asking a native how far a mile was from there, he charged me forty cents, and then told a lie.

Was arrested by two fellows who said they had an extradition requisition for me, charged with leaving the United States to get away from creditors. Frightened to death. Compromised for ten dollars.

Asked a fellow if those Falls were ever dammed. He said yes, every day.

Took a lady's arm and helped her across some rocks. Man came up and said that was his wife and that he allowed no man to impose politeness on her; and he went for me, that is,

he inadvertently went for about as much of me as he could get, and in the trouble I stabbed him with my fist, and shot him with my foot, and left him in the hands of his friends. It began to look to me as if the Falls were the least possible feature of a trip to Niagara.

I was induced to enter the Cave-of-the-Winds and put on an oil-cloth suit that made me look as pretty as a captain of a fishing-smack in a storm. The guide took me by the hand and pulled me along, but the waters were tumbling overhead, and I wanted to wait till they quit, but he urged me along. I was not in a hurry. I was not scared, but I was fearfully unbrave. I always was afraid of water. I said I would rather send some one else. The driving spray took my breath. I trembled. I said I would cave without going any further. Didn't like for water to be so far over my head. My feet kept slipping out from under my body, and I was not self-supporting; and I was nearly drowned. Backed out from going any further and told the guide just to set any other day but that one and I would be on hand, sure. He finally smiled and led me back. He was a regular water-fiend and I had much respect for him. He charged me two dollars for not going clear in. I was not at all alarmed, but I was dreadfully afraid I would be.

A native was telling me that he had once walked across the Falls on a rope, laid down and took a nap on it, wheeled himself over on a wheelbarrow, walked across it on his hands, and on stilts, and when he said one shore-end of the rope broke and he ran back so fast to the other end that he got there without any accident, and asked me if I had an extra dollar, I said he was a fraud, and I was obliged to pull off my coat to prove it.

The Niagara Falls are a success, and the limited means they employ to get your money is not a failure.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—The German Government has lately demoted the one-sixth-thaler pieces, and is now exchanging them at the post-offices for the new Imperial coins. When these shall have all been called in, the only coins of the old system still remaining in circulation will be the one-thaler pieces.

—The young princess Mercedes de Montpensier, the future queen of Spain, is the possessor of a lively disposition and much intelligence. Her features are Spanish, even to the dark hue of her complexion, and her education is French. It is romantically said that King Alfonso has been attached to her from childhood.

—As indicative of the benefits which a fashionable summer resort confer upon women, we have this item: "It is incredible the amount of interest which the ladies at Saratoga take in the races. Not only do they go to the races, but they also bet, and bet largely, and become thoroughly posted on the winning horses."

—The recent race for the amateur championship of the Thames seems to show that skill in rowing is a distinctly transmissible quality. T. L. Playford, who was the winner for the third time, is the son of Francis Playford, who won the Wingfield Sculls in 1849, and nephew of Herbert Playford, who was the champion in 1884.

At the close of the first centennial of the United States, there were 25,717,907 hogs in the whole country; 15,993,100 were in or en route to Cincinnati, and the rest chiefly between St. Louis and Chicago. This is less than two-thirds of a hog to a citizen.

—The great want in New York is civility in trade. Stewart, a short time before he died, said that one of the great plagues of his life was to find a salesman that would be civil to poor people who wanted a few needles and some tape. To ladies that traded in satins and laces men would be polite. But the same salesman would snub a small buyer. It is the universal complaint that officials are impertinent. One can hardly get a civil answer in trade.

—Miss Von Hillern, the pedestrian, when preparing for a walk rises at 5 A.M., eats two raw eggs, and walks ten miles, returning to her bath and a hearty breakfast of rare beef, boiled potatoes, oatmeal and stale bread. After this she rests until one o'clock, when she takes a fifteen mile walk, dining on roast beef and potatoes, following with a light tea, and retiring at ten P.M. under all circumstances. During her walks she relies on beef tea and the raw yolks of eggs for nourishment, quenching her thirst with seltzer and prune water.

—A "society for the mental improvement of cats" has been formed in Belgium. This is a good move. Teach a cat that it is an exhibition of bad manners and ill-breeding to sit on a back fence and sing the "Star Spangled Banner" until an hour after midnight, or discuss the President's Southern policy with several of its friends until one o'clock, and the rain of bootjacks, shaving-cups, profanity, empty bottles, and such things, from second and third story windows will immediately cease.

—Near the city of Moyobamba, Peru, has been discovered a tree called the *tamia caspi* or "rain-tree." It absorbs the moisture of the atmosphere, which it concentrates, and subsequently pours it forth from its leaves and branches in such quantities that, in many cases, the surrounding soil is converted into a bog, and it seems to possess this power to a greater degree during the dry, hot weather, when water is most scarce. The culture of these trees in arid wastes is recommended to the Peruvian Government.

—L. Bertacini, the man-horse is to appear at Brussels, on the Plaine des Manoeuvres, where he engages any pedestrian to run him twelve and a half miles, or any mounted man to a race of six times that distance. He claims to have run from Valence to Lyons and back, about one hundred and twenty-five miles, in eleven hours, and at Paris, Dec. 28, 1876, at the Skating Palace, to have made sixteen miles in an hour and twenty-five minutes. At Marseilles he beat a horse in a race forty times the circuit of the Hippodrome, and at Rome was successful in a similar match.

—The term "hoodlum," which has figured prominently of late in dispatches from San Francisco is thus explained: "Hoodlum" is a word used on the Pacific coast as a descriptive term for idle young rowdies of the kind that make up the gangs of "corner loungers" of our Atlantic cities. They stand about in groups in the disorderly parts of all towns, and are very free with their foul tongues in making offensive remarks upon all persons passing by; if spoken to about their conduct, they reply by repeating their insults and indulging in other ruffianism, including profanity, obscenity, and not infrequently actual assault with fists, clubs and stones. This tribe of boys and rascally young men the Californians call "hoodlums." There is no peculiarity about the matter but the name.

—Brigham Young was the father of fifty-six children, and left seventeen wives, sixteen sons, and twenty-eight daughters. His will aims to make an equitable division of the property between all the wives and children, with no preference to any. Most of all of them have already had something decided to them. On this a valuation was set, and it is to be charged to the recipients as part of their share, though not necessarily at the valuation he put on it. That is to be equitably adjusted when the estate is divided, upon the youngest child coming of age. Meanwhile the income is to go to the various mothers according to the number of their children, and they can withhold it if the children be idle. All are provided for as far as their present needs are concerned.

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "Strangely Reunited;" "Six Old Bachelors;" "The Water Child;" "The Flash of Lightning;" "A Quick-step;" "Love in the Dark;" "A Spoken Aunt (Aut.);" "The Hat of the Year;" "Guessing at a Mask."

Accepted: "Over the Gate;" "Two Lives;" "The Angel and Demon;" "Will the Shadow be Lifted, etc.;" "The Spirit Beloved;" "A Confession;" "Home Song;" "Better for Both;" "Song;" "Lines for an Album."

CONSTANT READER, Marlborough. Excuse us from answering.

E. H. H. Use poem with slight modifications. Its sentiment is very good.

L. S. Sketch decidedly immature. You'll do better when several years older.

JNO. S. G. We do not care to see the MSS. Can only use the best. You evidently are quite inexperienced as a writer.

HENRY M. The Lone Star State was so named when Texas struck for independence, and erected the standard of revolt against Mexico.

VELVET HAND FRED. Gun-barrels are browned sometimes in a furnace, but commonly by a wash of weak acid. Any gunsmith will give you the wash.

HARRY. We certainly do not advise any young American to go, a stranger, to foreign lands merely to find work. This land is that which will do best for you, in the long run. Simply keep on trying and you'll hit on something that will pay to strive for. Can't you teach? Try that. Australia is not to be compared to Indiana than a Hotentot to a Hoosier.

TEACHER. No help for the matter; we can suggest no "remedy." School-books *ought* to be the cheapest of all books, and the greatest of all, and sold by the tens of thousands. That they are the dearest of all books is owing to the combination of publishers and to the want of combination among school superintendents to resist the outrageous extortion—for that is just what it is.

EMMA OSBORNE. The "prevailing color for fall" is a new, bright shade of red; of course this refers only to trimmings and adornments. All dark, new shades of dress goods are the "goodies" of the season; or, of course, will be sent you upon application by mail—Polonaises and Princess dresses are still the fashion—to be worn over perfectly plain underskirts. Square-necked dresses, with over high chemisettes, with gold studs and standing linen collars, are quite the style.

F. M. D. You are mistaken; Flora and Florence are distinct names. Flora is an ancient Roman name. In mythology she was the goddess of flowers and gardens; hence Flora is emblematic of beauty, or "a flower." Florence means "flourishing," "Flo." is not an objectionable nickname, and is to be called by the entire name, Florence, is better. You should never write to a person asking a favor of them which will compel a reply without inclosing a stamp for return postage.

ADA F. Poughkeepsie, asks: "What is the difference between a cameo and an intaglio? The kind of stones are they? Cameos and intaglios are not stones at all, but are terms signifying the kind of workmanship used upon stones. A cameo is a stone cut so that the design stands out. An intaglio is a stone cut in such manner that the figure is sunk in. Onyx and agates are used principally for intaglios, and cameos, because of their layers of color which leave the background of the background quite distinct in hue.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA. The German military system is the most rigorous of all the countries of Europe. In event of war every able man is liable to service, in some form or other. The Russian, Austrian and French systems enroll all classes, but none have the strength, the reserve resources, and the field quality of that of Prussia. The German force is vastly inferior to that of Prussia in organization and efficiency, but her naval force is the best in the world. As to Universities, those of Germany and England are much superior in their way and very unlike in their management, so as not to be comparable.

MARIE says: "I come to you again, trusting you will favor me with your attention. Is it proper and discreet for a young lady to write to a young gentleman friend of the family, for a few days only? Please give me a recipe for making Marsala Mallow Drops. Does a brunette look well in pearl color? Many thanks for your courteous attention to correspondents." It is proper for a young lady, nowadays, when American girls are so sensible and admirably able to look out for their own interests, to travel with brother, cousin, or any relative, or a better trothed; though time was when a chaperone was considered necessary even in such a case; but whether it is just the thing for her to write to a young man friend must depend entirely upon his character, the intimacy which exists between him and her family, the kind of trip it is to be, and, may better be determined by the younger lady, her mother, or some sensible elderly friend. If all circumstances favor the acceptance of such a holiday, why, take it, and enjoy it. The recipe for Marsala Mallow Drops, which you desire, but perhaps some reader of the JOURNAL will kindly send it; in the mean time we will try to get it—Pearl color is very unbecoming to a brunette unless used with plentiful trimmings of bright pink, rose, cherry, cardinal, butte-cup color, etc.

"MOTHER GOOSE." To make "moss-mats," select four handsome shades of green single zephyr wool—varying from very light to dark green—each one ounce of each shade, four ounces in all, to make one mat. Cut your wool in long strands of six threads. With a bobbin or shuttle, such as is used for tatting, work along these strands, leaving each stitch one-third of an inch apart. In this way use up an ounce of the darkest wool, which we will call number one, an ounce of number two, all but a trifle of number three, and about two-thirds of number four. From what remains of numbers three and four crochet a flat mat, about the size of tea-plats. Then carefully cut the little knots in your four ounces of tied wools, carefully leaving the connecting thread left by the shuttle. You then have long strands covered with tiny tufts of wool. Sew these in lines, about a finger long, to the edge of your mat, and keep sewing around, in close rows, until you have used all of your four ounces of wools. Then lay the mat flat, and let it stand in a lamp, card-receiver, or whatever ornament you desire. The colors shade from the outside to the center—dark to light. When the whole mass is shaken fully up, it forms an exquisite mat. Blues, reds, yellows, greens, or wood colors, are equally pretty wools to use in this manner.

ANXIOUS MOTHER says: "I have four daughters. The two elder are as good girls as parents could desire; but the younger two are very anxious to marry to myself and husband. We are wealthy, and they have every advantage of a beautiful home, excellent society, and the best schools. It seems as if they ought to grow up to be great ladies, and refined gentlewomen. Instead, they give indications of becoming a reproach to their family. What they study they learn superficially, and care nothing for school. Their heads seem quite filled with thoughts of dress, the trashiest literature, and young men—or, rather, boys. They never walk to school without being accompanied by two or three young fellows; and I have heard, several times, of their forming acquaintances with other strangers, and making appointments to meet them upon the public promenades, and in art galleries and ice-cream saloons. The elder sisters have scolded them, and I have talked to them, repeatedly; but they are bound to have what they call 'a good time.' I have spared their father's great deal of this knowledge, knowing that he would be extremely angry, which would, really, have no more effect upon them than my reasoning. I do not like to send them away from my care to a boarding-school; but 'What shall I do?' has become the tormenting question of my life. We would advise you to secure an excellent student tutor or governess, or some competent teachers who will visit them at set hours and attend to their studies. Then see that the girls go out, once or twice daily, but always in the company of an elder sister, a teacher, or, if possible, yourself. Select plenty of the best attractive reading matter, in books and magazines, and keep them constantly supplied with it. Invite young companions, frequently, to the house; but only those of whose character you are well assured. Try by personal supervision to interest the girls in their studies, or in any other study; and perhaps making the gift of some desired article dependent upon proficiency in lessons will stimulate them to greater efforts. It would be well to detail to each girl a daily performance of certain household duties, and insist upon their careful fulfillment; and otherwise see that their time is fully employed upon plain and fancy needlework, and other duties. It would be well if you could arrange to have them read interesting literature *about* to you, an hour or two daily. By restricting them to kindly, loving and refining influences, you may succeed in shaping their characters as you desire. Try to instill in them that womanly pride and self-respect which will make them anxious to avoid companions and manners that will cheapen them in their own esteem.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

TWO LIVES.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

Over the way there is a lonely gray mansion,
Standing in silence and grandeur alone;
And in it there dwells two world-weary women,
Women from whom youth and beauty have flown.

No light and no love but a cold, gloomy splendor
Wraps like a cloud the house over the way,
And something about the two owners whispers
Of a wrong pathway taken in youth's sunny May.

Far back in the years, ere stern Time's desolation
Had cast its dark shadows o'er youth's rosy morn,
Two maidens were choosing from life's many paths
The one they should travel, with love or alone.

At the feet of sweet Winnie, the youngest and
fairest,
Were laid two bright offerings, man's homage to
beauty:
One told of land, and of gems, and old titles,
The other of nothing but true earnest love.

Sweet is love's music, but a diamond's cold luster
Blinded young eyes, and the heart would not
speak;
And Winnie's gold curls wore the jewels of fortune,
And then she remembered that hearts sometimes
break.

Beautiful Vashiti, the proud, silent sister—
Vashiti, who scorned the wild impulse of love,
And closed her proud heart to the loved and the
loving.
For the sake of the praise that is genius' treas-
ure-trove.

And without a loved one to caress or to cheer her,
She climbed the high mount to Fame's glittering
tower,
And learned when weary she paused at the summit,
That Fame is a garland that fades in an hour.

Fame gone, all is gone; no one to love her—
No one to cherish her now she is old,
And Vashiti and Winnie learned through years of
sorrow,
That peace is not purchased with honor or gold.

And now they are waiting, gray-haired and for-
saken,
Waiting Time's sickle to sever Earth's hold,
Vashiti, who trampled all else for Fame's plaudits,
And Winnie who sold her bright beauty for gold.

Oh! bitter the ashes of life's disappointments!
For we learn when too late the course we pursue;
And heart-sore and weary we lay down life's burdens
With the hope of His mercy forever in view.

Her Brief Idyl.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

YELLOW-WHITE sands glittering in the cool
sunlight. Beyond, the majestic sweep
and swell of the Atlantic, its blue-green waves
dashing in ceaseless, thunderous foam-wreaths
on the beach.

Nearer, the other side the wide carriage-
drive that, parallel with the ocean front,
was the wide reach of emerald tufted lawn,
dotted with trees, and flowering shrubs, divid-
ed by footpaths and the carriage-way, and
inclosed by the rustic fence that extended so
far along Ocean avenue that people invariably
asked who it was owned such a large estate.

The house itself stood in the direct center
of the grounds, like a jewel in its casement—a
large, imposing, magnificent residence, built
for a seaside home, with its treble row of ver-
andas, its large observatory, its airy win-
dows. It was furnished elaborately, with
costly carpets, furniture, paintings, statuary,
lace draperies—for Cecil Conway did not want
to enjoy her summer house amid a paucity of
the elegances of life to which she had been al-
ways accustomed.

She was a grand, splendid woman—this pet
of fortune, this Cecil Conway, whose posses-
sions were fabulous, almost, whose personal
charms were many, whose intellectual and so-
cial acquisitions were as nearly perfection as
ever woman's attainments were. But—rich,
handsome, cultured though she was, she was
unmarried, to the surprise unspeakable of every
one who knew her.

To-day, she was sitting on her front veranda,
looking out across lawn and drive and sands,
at the ceaseless swell and low, thunderous
surge of the ocean, her thoughtful gray eyes
following line after line of foamy breakers as
they tumbled in mad riot on the beach—she
was sitting in her especial chair—a low bam-
boo rocker, against which her royally-poised
head was leaning languidly, tiredly. You
could see what a glorious creature she was—
what perfect curve of limb and hauteur of
grace and high-toned nobility of soul there
was; you could tell from her attire—so plain
and exquisitely suitable, that her tastes were
cultured and womanly; and you also might
have told, had you been an observant reader
of faces, that the wistfulness in Cecil Conway's
gray eyes, the weary curve of her perfect line,
the relaxed position of her graceful form, all
meant that away down in her heart there was
an incompleteness.

And there had been incompleteness for years.
Cecil was thinking of it this lovely, slumberous
summer afternoon; thinking of it, not with
sickly sentimentalism, for she was not the wom-
an to yield to such morbidity of soul, but
going over all that past when she had been in-
toxicated with the joys and hopes that come
easy, if not often, to all women's hearts.

Of course it had been a love romance—sitting
in that selfsame bamboo rocker, looking out
on the same eternity of ceaseless wave and
wash. Cecil Conway, eight years ago, when
the perfect blush and bloom of womanhood at
twenty-two was upon her, had thought that
life's goldenest, rosiest vistas were opening be-
fore her—that the gates of highest human
happiness were unfolding before her at the
masterful touch of Dr. Garland's hand.

And now, when her thirtieth birthday had
come and gone, she knew how she had been
disappointed, how Arch Garland had looked
unutterable things in her eyes, and held the
cup of happiness to her parched, eager lips,
and then—vanished from her life like a meteor
into the darkness of the horizon.

She had once or twice heard of him since the
day—the night he had left her, without a hint
of farewell, without a syllable of his intentions.
She had heard of him in Washington, popular,
courted, admired as he invariably was where-
ver he went. Then, once she had seen some
one who had seen him briefly, and she learned
that he was well and as usual. But beyond
that there were no other cases in her desert of
painful memories.

Until to-day. Ten minutes ago, Mamie
Fletcher had tossed the lines of her ponies and
phaeton to her groom, and came eagerly up
the walk to Cecil's door—a pretty, dashing
brunette in pale pink gorgery and black vel-
vet bows.

"Such glorious news, Miss Conway! Papa
and Philip are coming to-night, and in papa's
letter he told me to be sure to tell you that a
great friend of Philip's was coming with them
—Dr. Garland, also an old friend of yours."

A paleness of Cecil's always exquisitely fair
complexion, a sudden darkening of the irises
of her wistful gray eyes, were the only tokens
she gave that the news had touched her with
agonizing pain mingled with mad, blissful rap-
ture—tokens that Miss Fletcher was too girlishly
indifferent to observe.

"I wondered if papa hadn't made a mistake,

because I am quite sure I have never heard
you mention Dr. Garland's name in all the
three years I have known you."

Cecil told the girl's curiosity; her answer
was exquisitely straightforward and honest.

"Oh, yes, I knew him very intimately at
one time—years ago, when you were a tiny
girl. Mamie, dear, tell your father I thank
him for his kindness; in sending me word, and
do not let me detain you from your drive any
longer. So much obliged that you took the
trouble to stop."

Somehow she got the girl away, and then
she went up to her room—a broad, wide
chamber, dainty, airy, shady, that overlooked
the ocean; with a wide veranda all around it,
where luxuriant vines rioted in leafy growth,
where rustic baskets, feathery with plump
foliage, gorgeous with variegated blossoms,
swayed to and fro in the cool, salt breeze.

Inside the door, she shut and locked it, and
then, alone, Cecil Conway, proud, dignified,
self-possessed, clenched her fair strengthful
hands in a clasp that was pure physical agony;
and bowed her royal head on her breast, and
walked up and down, up and down, fighting
all the upspringing memories that had come
trooping, like revived ghosts, at the sound of
the name of the man she had worshipped.

Oh, she had loved him so entirely, so utterly!
He had commanded every fiber of her nature—
mental, by his over-masterful intellect; moral,
by his lordly will; physical, by his splendid
beauty, his rare, passionate tenderness, every
word, every look, every act of which had
seemed to her a caress. She had crowned
him her king; she had throned him in the holy
of holies of her heart; she had made him the
living, breathing realization of that which wom-
an so rarely finds—her ideal lover; and then,
after all that, she had seen that her idol was
of common clay, because he had left her so
cruelly, oh, so cruelly!

And now, he was coming where she was
again, where she would hear the voice that
used to thrill her to her very soul; where she
would see the godlike face that never was
turned toward her but that an ecstatic thank-
giving went up from her heart that it was
given her to have found favor in his sight.
He was coming! The man she had loved so
madly, the man for whose sake no other love
could ever be tolerated by her, the man who
had left her!

That was the most exceedingly bitter drop
in her cup—Dr. Garland had left her, without
a word, without a hint, without a farewell;
left her to a desolation he must have known
was appallingly awful.

But she had gone through those early days
of sharpest suffering; she had lived until calm-
ness and endurance had come to be matters of
fact, until she had even learned to think that a
quiet happiness was possible even to her, who
should go through life unloved, unloved, be-
cause her mate had won her to throw her aside
as worthless.

But now, into that comparative calmness of
content, into that passivity she had called hap-
piness, had suddenly, sharply, come a feverish-
ness of pain, and ecstasy, and vague longing.
He was coming; she would see him within
forty-eight hours, for never a day passed that
she and the Fletchers did not meet, and she
would not have had the usual custom broken
for appearance's sake, for pride's sake.

That was the one burden of thought on her
mind, that had eclipsed all other thoughts—she
would see him soon, hear him speak, touch his
hand.

"If only, if only I can school myself into
calmness and the indifference he deserves, for
my own sake, I should show him. Only let it
come to me in full force—how he cruelly left
me, without so much as the coolest farewell
that almost strangers would have accorded one
another—just let me remember that, when we
meet, and it will stifle this other feeling that
never will be perfectly overcome—this love
that is undying as the soul that suffers it."

She had ceased her slow, monotonous prome-
nade; her hands had unclenched, and her head
was lifted off her breast, so that all its suffer-
ing, and pride, and determination, were seen at
a glance at its paleness and at the sweet, yearn-
ing eyes. She sat down, wearily, in a low rus-
set chair, where she could reach her little pearl
and ebony writing-case, her jewel-safe, with
its many hidden, unsuspected compartments,
where she could look between the floating mesh-
es of foamy lace curtains, and swinging vines
and swaying baskets, out on the gay avenue
below, at the ceaseless sea beyond, gleaming
and glittering in the slanting afternoon sun-
light. There was a purple-gray dimness away
off at the horizon, and a thin, delicate haze
creeping into the sunshine; all over the face
of the ocean were riding white caps of foam; low,
half-hushed, half-anxious bursts of wind surged
around the house every few minutes, like a
voice of ill-suppressed passion.

Almost mechanically Cecil thought of the
storm that was brooding; then she remembered
that the night when Dr. Garland had gone away,
eight years before, there had come up a sud-
den, violent thunder-storm and heavy, sweep-
ing gusts; and now, he was to cross her path
again in the wake of another storm. Was it
typical? Had it been prophetic, she asked
herself, as, half mechanically, half languidly,
she drew her chair nearer her jewel-safe, to
select her ornaments for the evening? There
was a hushed, suppressed look in her eyes, and
on her face, as she laid out drawer after draw-
er on her lap—pearls reposing coisly on one
velvet tray, rare diamonds on another, scintil-
lating amethysts, blood-thrilled rubies, blue-
eyed sapphires, great sparkling emeralds, on
others.

Then, she suddenly paused as she came to
the very deepest tray, one that was empty, but
which she knew covered the bottom of the
safe, whereon had lain, in silence and dark-
ness, one suit of ornaments she had never
worn, never seen, never wanted to touch, since
she had torn them off, a night, eight years ago,
when she learned the fate that had come to her.

But, somehow, now she felt an unconquer-
able desire to get them out, to put them on;
and with almost a little shiver of excitement,
her fair cold fingers, that trembled in spite of
herself, lifted the lowermost azure velvet tray
to see—the exquisitely carved gold chain,
the heavy gold cross, curvaceous with diamonds,
the pendants for her dainty ears, the circlets
for her smooth, white wrists—and—and—a
letter addressed to her, to Cecil Conway, in
Arch Garland's hand; a sealed letter, of whose
existence she had never known—of the mystery
of whose hiding she had never dreamed.

A sudden gasping sound came to her lips as
she snatched it—a low, half-unintelligible moan
that was neither joy or sorrow, as she tore it
open, to read, that eight years ago Arch Gar-
land had laid his heart, his hand, his name—
himself, at her feet, pleading for an instantane-
ous answer as a man pleads for his life, and yet,
showing all his bold masterfulness in every
word by which he called her to him, to be his
very own forever.

And she had never known! Of her uncon-
scious accord, she had driven him away, and

doomed himself and herself to such suffering as
might God spare other mortals!

Dazed, almost petrified into a sensation that
was indescribable, Cecil Conway sat there for
all the hours of that evening, sending apolo-
gies to her callers and her permanent guests,
not daring to show her face to mortal eyes,
and trying to understand how it would all
come about, trying to think if she could dare
believe the years had found him, one by one,
as they had found her, tender and true.

All of a sudden, a burst of sunlight stream-
ed through the fast-gathering clouds; and at
the selfsame moment there swept over Cecil
Conway's face a radiance, an ecstasy, a bril-
liance that almost glorified her; for it had come
to her with a force she could not understand,
that when he came to her, or when they met,
she would explain it all, and then—then—

She slept tranquilly as a babe that night.
Outside thunder rolled and lightning gleamed,
and the ocean roared like furious beasts, and
the wind and rain fairly buffeted the windows
of her room; but Cecil slept well, with Arch Gar-
land's precious letter under her fair cheek, with
the glorious hope of the morrow irradiating
even her dreams with a halo of happiness.

And the morrow brought him; not morning
or afternoon, but just as she had expected, he
came in the late evening, with the Fletchers—
mental, by his over-masterful intellect; moral,
by his lordly will; physical, by his splendid
beauty, his rare, passionate tenderness, every
word, every look, every act of which had
seemed to her a caress. She had crowned
him her king; she had throned him in the holy
of holies of her heart; she had made him the
living, breathing realization of that which wom-
an so rarely finds—her ideal lover; and then,
after all that, she had seen that her idol was
of common clay, because he had left her so
cruelly, oh, so cruelly!

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again, where she would hear the voice that
used to thrill her to her very soul; where she
would see the godlike face that never was
turned toward her but that an ecstatic thank-
giving went up from her heart that it was
given her to have found favor in his sight.
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madly, the man for whose sake no other love
could ever be tolerated by her, the man who
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left her to a desolation he must have known
was appallingly awful.

But she had gone through those early days
of sharpest suffering; she had lived until calm-
ness and endurance had come to be matters of
fact, until she had even learned to think that a
quiet happiness was possible even to her, who
should go through life unloved, unloved, be-
cause her mate had won her to throw her aside
as worthless.

But now, into that comparative calmness of
content, into that passivity she had called hap-
piness, had suddenly, sharply, come a feverish-
ness of pain, and ecstasy, and vague longing.
He was coming; she would see him within
forty-eight hours, for never a day passed that
she and the Fletchers did not meet, and she
would not have had the usual custom broken
for appearance's sake, for pride's sake.

That was the one burden of thought on her
mind, that had eclipsed all other thoughts—she
would see him soon, hear him speak, touch his
hand.

"If only, if only I can school myself into
calmness and the indifference he deserves, for
my own sake, I should show him. Only let it
come to me in full force—how he cruelly left
me, without so much as the coolest farewell
that almost strangers would have accorded one
another—just let me remember that, when we
meet, and it will stifle this other feeling that
never will be perfectly overcome—this love
that is undying as the soul that suffers it."

She had ceased her slow, monotonous prome-
nade; her hands had unclenched, and her head
was lifted off her breast, so that all its suffer-
ing, and pride, and determination, were seen at
a glance at its paleness and at the sweet, yearn-
ing eyes. She sat down, wearily, in a low rus-
set chair, where she could reach her little pearl
and ebony writing-case, her jewel-safe, with
its many hidden, unsuspected compartments,
where she could look between the floating mesh-
es of foamy lace curtains, and swinging vines
and swaying baskets, out on the gay avenue
below, at the ceaseless sea beyond, gleaming
and glittering in the slanting afternoon sun-
light. There was a purple-gray dimness away
off at the horizon, and a thin, delicate haze
creeping into the sunshine; all over the face
of the ocean were riding white caps of foam; low,
half-hushed, half-anxious bursts of wind surged
around the house every few minutes, like a
voice of ill-suppressed passion.

Almost mechanically Cecil thought of the
storm that was brooding; then she remembered
that the night when Dr. Garland had gone away,
eight years before, there had come up a sud-
den, violent thunder-storm and heavy, sweep-
ing gusts; and now, he was to cross her path
again in the wake of another storm. Was it
typical? Had it been prophetic, she asked
herself, as, half mechanically, half languidly,
she drew her chair nearer her jewel-safe, to
select her ornaments for the evening? There
was a hushed, suppressed look in her eyes, and
on her face, as she laid out drawer after draw-
er on her lap—pearls reposing coisly on one
velvet tray, rare diamonds on another, scintil-
lating amethysts, blood-thrilled rubies, blue-
eyed sapphires, great sparkling emeralds, on
others.

Then, she suddenly paused as she came to
the very deepest tray, one that was empty, but
which she knew covered the bottom of the
safe, whereon had lain, in silence and dark-
ness, one suit of ornaments she had never
worn, never seen, never wanted to touch, since
she had torn them off, a night, eight years ago,
when she learned the fate that had come to her.

But, somehow, now she felt an unconquer-
able desire to get them out, to put them on;
and with almost a little shiver of excitement,
her fair cold fingers, that trembled in spite of
herself, lifted the lowermost azure velvet tray
to see—the exquisitely carved gold chain,
the heavy gold cross, curvaceous with diamonds,
the pendants for her dainty ears, the circlets
for her smooth, white wrists—and—and—a
letter addressed to her, to Cecil Conway, in
Arch Garland's hand; a sealed letter, of whose
existence she had never known—of the mystery
of whose hiding she had never dreamed.

A sudden gasping sound came to her lips as
she snatched it—a low, half-unintelligible moan
that was neither joy or sorrow, as she tore it
open, to read, that eight years ago Arch Gar-
land had laid his heart, his hand, his name—
himself, at her feet, pleading for an instantane-
ous answer as a man pleads for his life, and yet,
showing all his bold masterfulness in every
word by which he called her to him, to be his
very own forever.

And she had never known! Of her uncon-
scious accord, she had driven him away, and

doomed himself and herself to such suffering as
might God spare other mortals!

Dazed, almost petrified into a sensation that
was indescribable, Cecil Conway sat there for
all the hours of that evening, sending apolo-
gies to her callers and her permanent guests,
not daring to show her face to mortal eyes,
and trying to understand how it would all
come about, trying to think if she could dare
believe the years had found him, one by one,
as they had found her, tender and true.

All of a sudden, a burst of sunlight stream-
ed through the fast-gathering clouds; and at
the selfsame moment there swept over Cecil
Conway's face a radiance, an ecstasy, a bril-
liance that almost glorified her; for it had come
to her with a force she could not understand,
that when he came to her, or when they met,
she would explain it all, and then—then—

She slept tranquilly as a babe that night.
Outside thunder rolled and lightning gleamed,
and the ocean roared like furious beasts, and
the wind and rain fairly buffeted the windows
of her room; but Cecil slept well, with Arch Gar-
land's precious letter under her fair cheek, with
the glorious hope of the morrow irradiating
even her dreams with a halo of happiness.

And the morrow brought him; not morning
or afternoon, but just as she had expected, he
came in the late evening, with the Fletchers—
mental, by his over-masterful intellect; moral,
by his lordly will; physical, by his splendid
beauty, his rare, passionate tenderness, every
word, every look, every act of which had
seemed to her a caress. She had crowned
him her king; she had throned him in the holy
of holies of her heart; she had made him the
living, breathing realization of that which wom-
an so rarely finds—her ideal lover; and then,
after all that, she had seen that her idol was
of common clay, because he had left her so
cruelly, oh, so cruelly!

And now, he was coming where she was
again, where she would hear the voice that
used to thrill her to her very soul; where she
would see the godlike face that never was
turned toward her but that an ecstatic thank-
giving went up from her heart that it was
given her to have found favor in his sight.
He was coming! The man she had loved so
madly, the man for whose sake no other love
could ever be tolerated by her, the man who
had left her!

That was the most exceedingly bitter drop
in her cup—Dr. Garland had left her, without
a word, without a hint, without a farewell;
left her to a desolation he must have known
was appallingly awful.

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of sharpest suffering; she had lived until calm-
ness and endurance had come to be matters of
fact, until she had even learned to think that a
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ous answer as a man pleads for his life, and yet,
showing all his bold masterfulness in every
word by which he called her to him, to be his
very own forever.

And she had never known! Of her uncon-
scious accord, she had driven him away, and

rious lavishness and sensuous delights; for she
had none of that pure, more elevating love of
beauty for beauty's own noble sake, nor the in-
stinct, God-given, which sees a loveliness in the
commonest wayside flower far beyond the
flaming glory of the scentless exotic, and in all
beauty sees heaven and goodness symbolized.

In passing through the three intervening
chambers which opened into one another, a
Indian cabinet, before she reached the final one,
the dressing-room, Monica Derwent uncon-
sciously perceived all this—unconsciously, I say,
for at the time her whole heart and mind were
bent on her present purpose, and she was not
aware that she had had time to receive any im-
pressions until afterward.

Still favored by capricious accident, she went
unerringly on until she found herself before an
exquisitely tiled Japanese wardrobe, the mag-
nificent height of which seemed to indicate that it
was used for hanging dresses whose long trains
required more than usual space. As it was
ajar, Monica was instantly running her clever,
deft hands over the various folds of silk and
rich material which filled the dark interior.
She came anon to the heavy, smooth folds of a
cloth garment, took it off its hook, and saw what
she sought—an elegantly-made riding-habit of
invisible green. A cap of the same color was
attached to the costume, and a pair of delicate
white riding gauntlets in the pockets of it; she
looked for the accompanying whip in the bottom
of the wardrobe, and found it also. With these
things in her arms she glided from the dangerous
closet, and, shutting herself into the first room
she came to in the unhabited half of the house,
had the satisfaction of soon seeing herself re-
flected in the dim, cobweb-draped mirror—an
equestrian figure of as much elegance and fash-
ion as any lady of them all.

She thrust her toilet by winding thickly
and securely a long black tissue veil round
and round her small cap, after which she might have
devised the eyes of her own mother to recognize
her.

Then she hid her own costume in one of the
curious old cabinets that no one had ever un-
der the ingeniously puzzling recess in which she had
placed it, and put the key in her pocket.

And now to obtain a horse, and ride into the
forest while the party were safely out of the way
of bringing back the Master of Dornoch.

Here, too, fate befriended her.

She walked quietly through the most private
passages which she knew would eventually lead
her to the court-yard, meeting one or two ser-
vants on the way, who, however, only stared at
him through her veil, like twin stars, that shot
supposed to be one of the stranger ladies lounging
through the corridors for curiosity; and soon
she was standing, with an air of languid indif-
ference, on the ladies' mounting-block, looking
about her.

A footman in the Derwent livery edged near
her, cap in hand, ready for orders. She abrup-
tly turned to him, saying, in a petulant voice:

"Have you happened to see any one waiting
here? I mean Lord—but no jest—I mean, don't
wait for him. Order a horse brought round for
me—instantly, you hear?"

She tossed him a sovereign which she had just
found in the tiny silver-net poche at Godiva's
feet, and, having thus impressed by her imper-
ious air, bowed obsequiously, and ran to give
the order to the head groom.

In three minutes a helper came trotting along
into the court, holding loosely by the bridle a
superb hunting mare, whose steel-gray coat,
satin of sheen, and lean head, and quick, quiv-
ering muscles, and large, soft, brilliant eyes,
spoke unequivocally of blood—of race, all over
her; and sent a shiver of nameless excitement
through the very heart-fibers of the untired
rider.

Many people have watched the approach of a
wild beast with less sickening apprehension
than did poor Monica that of her father's queen
of the stud.

But she was committed to this course, how-
ever desperate—she, like no careful animal
now prancing before the mounting-block in the
exuberance of her spirits, felt the proud blood
of an ancient race tingling through her delicate
body; she set her teeth to keep them from
biting, and, gathered her flowing skirts in one
hand, placing the other daintily on the obse-
quious groom's offered shoulder, and sprang into
the saddle.

As she settled in her lofty seat, and saw the
proud neck of the impatient animal arching it-
self before her, her courage came back to her,
her heart swelled high, and in a sort of reckless
delight in her danger she patted that glossy neck
with her little firm hand, then tightening the
reins as she had seen other riders do, off sprang
the mare with a shout of pleasure, through the
archway and away.

After the first giddy feeling, and convulsive
effort to accommodate herself to the poise and
motion, Monica settled in her saddle with the
fearless grace of a born equestrienne. How
could she be awkward here, where her straight,
well-poised form, her brave soul, her inborn
presence of mind, and her rich exuberance of
young spirit, which laughed at bodily peril and
enjoyed the rush and the ecstasy of daring?

Hearing the sound of hoofs behind her, she
looked back, to see the same groom in Derwent
livery in attendance. This reassured her more
than ever, for she saw that she had got off under
the very best of auspices, and would inevitably
be mistaken by all for one of the mansion's
guests, gone off by herself in pique, which mood
would also account for her thick veil and jealously
concealed features.

She allowed her mount to carry her down the
avenue out of sight of the mansion, then, hav-
ing somewhat familiarized herself to her posi-
tion, she reined in the docile beauty and waited
for the groom to ride up.

"Conduct me to a point which the hunt is
sure to pass," she commanded the man, "and
then, when you have done so, you shall give me
a few instructions, for I have never been on horse-
back before," and she laughed as if it was a good
joke.

The man's eyes opened wide in amazement
and concern; he looked as closely as he dared
into the veiled face, dying to see which of the
ladies was so daring.

"And don't you go and tell it, either," she
continued, petulantly; "I'm not going to be
laughed at for a madcap, and lectured and hec-
tered by all the old ladies and prudes—and
mean to enjoy one dear hunt if I never go home
alive," and she shrugged her shoulders and
laughed mockingly, doing the character of a
spoiled beauty so successfully that Giles made
up his mind on the spot that he had the luck to
be the sole protector and rider-master of the
lovely romp, Lady Madge Devlin, whose
pranks kept the Weald alive; and he grinned to
himself as he anticipated the holy horror of her
straight-laced chaperone, Dowager Lythwicke,
and the terror of her adorer, Lord Francis
Traine, when they discovered this maddest of
all her freaks.

But she was as celebrated for her boundless lib-
erality in the matter of sovereigns as for her
mirthful follies, and Giles was well content to
earn her gratitude; so, as he touched his hat he
vowed that "ne'er a soul should hear from him
a word of the matter," and that "he'd take right
good care of her, only she must follow his in-
structions, my lady, for that 'Silky Sybil,' thar,
was a rare one to go, once she took to her
pretty head that there as rode her didn't know
their business."

Having thus shown the grave necessity of his
services, the pair went ambling side by side over
the long green stretches of the home park, while
Monica took her first lesson, hanging on the
words of the old fellow with all her mind and
brain, and really learning more in that half-hour
than any one not pressed by a matter of life and
death could have learned in a week.

So that when the long-echoing hingle-call rung
through the wood, and the distant thunder
showed that the hunters were sweeping forth
from the gates in grand cavalcade, she, sitting at
rest on a gentle eminence, screened from obser-
vation by a hazel copse, felt as secure that she
was her attendant on a wild-goose chase to
fetch her a branch of silky catkins from a pop-

lar half down the hill; and then, lifting her
veil, she coolly took the field-glass from its case
on her saddle, and watched the approach of the
Master of Dornoch and his guests, as they came
merrily forth, with their array of beaters, dogs,
huntsmen, and other supernumeraries requisite
to a hunt of such distinction.

Had there they come, the scarlet coats burn-
ing red among the tender green leaves, the
riding-habits floating gracefully, bridles glanc-
ing, noble horses spurning the yielding turf as
they breast the hill; dogs in leash by twos, by
sixes, by dozens, running swiftly, mute and at-
tentive to their keepers' whips; a gallant sight
it is.

But as Monica sees the ominous figure of
Rufus Marshall glided to her father's side, Ga-
vaine tracking him in the rear, the involuntary
pleasure dies out of her flushed face, and the
gloom of death overpreads it.

"Now for it!" she mutters, as she returns the
glass to its place and drops her veil; "My life
before his!"

CHAPTER XIV.
BETWEEN TWO FORS.

She let the train sweep past her, then slipped
from her covert and joined the rear-guard, so
deftly that not an eye noted the fresh arrival.

Now, I am not going to describe a hunt, which
has so often and so gloriously been described be-
fore that my amateurish efforts would only sound
like a travesty; suffice it to say that as long as
the beaters reported naught, the hounds kept
mute, and the riders held together, the veiled
huntress rode among the rest, turning upon her
the right hand nor to the left, and so grandly
ignoring the cavaliers who came in turn to woo
her from her incognito, that half the men were
wild to find her out, and all the women were
dying with uplifted noses at the mystery. Some-
one who thus dared to attract all the eyes that
own loveliness was wont to hold enchanted. And
yet, no one guessed that she was a stranger, not
only to the Weald, but to the gentry who had
come to join in the hunt from the neighborhood.
As for Derwent and his two sleuth-hounds, the
Marshalls, they were well on in front, and did
not see her at all.

But when the well-holla at last came, and the
hounds broke into full cry, and the cavalcade
spread in a wide fan after the starting hounds,
and every face was alight with excitement, then
the veiled lady shot to the front, and edging
resolutely between the Master of Dornoch and
Rufus Marshall, rode by her father's side by
bride, mute, thrilling, and her eyes gleaming at
him through her veil, like twin stars, that shot
the strangest feeling through him.

"And who is this bold Diana?" laughed Mr.
Derwent in graceful playfulness.

"One who has a boon to crave of the Master
of Dornoch-Weald," she replied in the same vein,
and in carefully-disguised accents.

"Ah! And what is that?" asked he, curiously
trying to recognize her, for the voice was as un-
familiar as the figure.

"Let me be your sole companion for one hour!
No, I mean Lord—but no jest—I mean, don't
wait for him. Order a horse brought round for
me—instantly, you hear?"

He could do nothing else than bow gracious
consent. She was, he supposed, if not one of
his own visitors, one of the neighbors. Some-
mad-cap young girl, bent on some mischievous
freak which she wanted his assistance or con-
sent to bring about. Without a single suspicion
he nodded his sleuth-hounds to drop back, and
rode on with no one by his side, save the mys-
teriously veiled lady.

She let him lead her in a swift canter across
lots which brought them well up with the chase,
and then they came to a pause on the crown of
a hillock, and breathed their chargers, while the
hunt swept on in merry train; and when scarlet,
Lincoln-green, glancing metal and streaming
hounds were all out of sight, and the dark ques-
tioning eyes of Mr. Derwent were turned upon
his silent companion, she said gravely, still hid-
ing her identity:

"This is no hoax, sir, nor any attempt at com-
edy at all. Be good enough to alight with me,
and while we rest on that mossy log, I shall
speak."

For a moment he gazed suspiciously at her,
a passing thought of his nephew suggesting a pos-
sible intercessor; but she continued mute, and
with a slight shrug of the shoulder he obeyed
her.

They sat side by side on the mossy log, the
sounds of horses and riders fading far away,
and nothing heard but the rustling of the young
leaves and the plash of the ruiet at their feet
from its rocky shore.

She began to speak, softly, solemnly, her hands
clapped.

"I have a terrible thing to tell you, Mr. Der-
went; I don't expect you to be able to believe it
at first, for it is almost incredible, but for your
own sake you must promise to sift my state-
ments at once, and allow yourself to believe
such proofs as you will then inevitably find.
Will you promise this?"

The proud Derwent gazed in astonishment at
his companion, doubting her sincerity.

"This is a most extraordinary address!" he
exclaimed. "Are you not jesting?"

"As God lives, I am not," she answered firmly.

Then she rapidly proceeded, her fear of inter-
ruption urging her on with breathless haste and
insistence, and he listening and looking at her
in growing amazement.

"The day before yesterday I chanced to be
walking in the forest over there—you see the
knoll? There, by a hollow oak tree"—she point-
ed with her whip, and Mr. Derwent glanced at
the familiar spot designated, and back again at
her with a feeling of reality unknown before.
"I sat down to rest just there," she continued,
anxiously trying to say

thurs. Wouldn't mamma's eyes dance if I could bring that splendid cavalier to her feet as a suitor for her second daughter's hand?"

"Why don't you tell yourself seriously to the task, then?" queried Bertha. "Papa would be pleased to have a live Don in the family. He has never been fully Americanized—papa has not. The noble blood of his French father still runs in his veins too freely to allow of his being a good republican. Catch the Don, Sophie, and make him happy for life."

"Who?—the Don, or papa?"

"Both, if you can. Why not? Don Miguel is remarkably good-natured for a Spaniard. If I had not been already promised to my dear Arthur, I'm not certain what the effect would have been upon me of his magnificent manners, dress, and all that. Dazzling, I dare say!"

"It's fortunate I'm not so impressionable, since the current report in Hampton is that he is a perfect slave to Lillian Meredith. I'm not beautiful enough to engage in a rivalry with her."

"Nonsense! You've grown very modest all at once. Your style is the same as hers—a blonde, blue eyes, light hair, rosy cheeks; and certainly you have every advantage of dress, air, and manner, as well as your father's position in society."

"Advantage of dress I acknowledge, and of family—that is, of money, for I believe Dr. Meredith was a very rich man. But for the rest, I give up, without competing. I've tried to find fault with her, and I cannot, and what more can a rival say than that? However, don't think I utterly despair. Inez confides to me that Lillian has refused to marry Don Miguel, and she tells me that her spirits are so broken by the tragedy of her father's death that she would not be such a wife as he deserves—that she cannot even think of love as yet; that she never expects to marry! Did you ever? Then I appear to have an opportunity—probably only one—and climb to that tiresome little school! I hardly know what to think of her!—though I'm much obliged to her, I'm sure, for refusing the Don. It seems he is not greatly discouraged by her coyness, as he persists in waiting until she has changed her mind."

"In the mean time, do your best, my love, to make him change his mind. It would be such a balm to the wound I have inflicted on the family pride! And the beauty went on with her interesting tale of her father's death, and the Chateaubriand lace around the neck of a salmon-colored satin evening dress, whose tint was scarcely deeper than that of the lace."

Sophie turned from the mirror, and threw herself idly into her favorite seat—the low and deep embrasure of the window, close beside which, on the outside, rose the tower which gave to Meredith Place its distinguishing feature of dignity. The house was one of those to which such an adjunct was not inappropriate, being built of solid stone, with a portico, and the tower rising out of its eastern and northern angle, clothed from head to foot with the glorious old Irish ivy, whose dark green leaves glistened in the June sunlight."

A joy forever that ivy had been in the eyes of Lillian, from her babyhood up, and her wistful gaze turned often toward it now in the days of her exile. Perhaps Sophie felt some of the weird, magnetic influence of the place—for, as she sat in the window, gazing out at the tower, and breathing the pure air of the roses which swung at her own easement, her face took on an awed expression, and she spoke, after a time:

"Bertha, do you know sometimes I feel afraid in this solemn old house! All the neighbors hold to the unshaken belief that it is haunted; every old farmer will have a story to tell you about it. They say the doctor's spirit is wandering about it, searching for his lost gold; some think that nephew who murdered him is still lurking about, living in caves, or dens, or what not, and that he visits the place whenever he dreads, Ugh! the very thought makes me shiver! Fancy that demonic young man coming in at windows of nights, and looking at us as we sleep! I'm certain, Bertha—certain, that some one was in that queer room they call the laboratory last Saturday night, and that he was a novel until very late, and I went to the dining-room for a glass of ice-water—about two o'clock, it must have been—and I heard a noise in there—a curious noise, which I could hardly explain; it sounded like some mysterious miser counting out his money."

"Nonsense! You had been reading a ghost-story, I suppose."

"No; nothing worse than Jane Eyre. I did hear something, as truly as I see you now!"

"Mice running among the bottles, I suppose."

"Perhaps; but I don't think it. It had a very supernatural sound, I assure you. By the way, you and Arthur keep very late hours."

"Do you call eleven o'clock 'late hours'?"

"Oh, no, papa, but I agree to say it's better than that. I heard some one pass in the upper hall, while I was undressing, and I was so nervous about our being haunted, that I screwed up courage to the sticking-point, and peeped out, just in time to see Arthur close his room door. It was half-past ten by my watch."

"Well, I don't know what he may have done, but mamma sent me to bed at eleven. Perhaps he, too, had a copy of that fascinating Jane Eyre. I have heard of its keeping several people up until the 'wee small hours.'"

There was a pause, while Bertha finished off the neck of the dress and turned her attention to the sleeves. Then the younger, whose thoughts had run on in the same channel, resumed:

"Inez often talks with me about the Doctor's missing money. She firmly believes that it is still somewhere about this house or garden; for she says her husband himself secreted it the night before his death."

"Oh, all the world knows that the theory is, that he was followed by his nephew, who saw where the box was placed, and then resolved to get his uncle out of the way, that he alone might enjoy the concealed riches."

"Yes, I know it. But still Inez persists in believing that he hid the money somewhere off with the gold. She says he could hardly have escaped detection had he carried so much with him. Perhaps he is still keeping watch over it, awaiting an opportunity to convey it away."

"They have searched everywhere, even to digging up every foot of the garden."

"I know it. Still, who knows but what we may stumble over it some time? Inez is always looking. I have a fancy now, that it is in the very top of that tower."

"Do be quiet, Sophie. You make me nervous."

"Here comes Inez. I was just saying, my dark-eyed darling, that perhaps your fortune lay concealed in some cobwebby nook in this old tower."

"Oh, every beam and rafter has been investigated long ago—the loose boards of the garret-floor all lifted. No, no, it's not there! I wish I could find it. I'm tired of being poor!"

"You do seem rather poverty-stricken," remarked Bertha, scanning with laughing eyes Inez's costly morning-robe, and the jewels which she wore, with southern taste, by day as well as evening."

"My cousin is generous enough; he can afford to give me what I want. But that is not all one wants money for—to buy clothes!"

"To buy a husband is it, then?" Bertha was on the point of saying, when prudence as well as delicacy checked her; she had heard that her own promised husband had been not inconsiderable to the lady's attractions; and as she now glanced up she met a strange look in the black eyes."

"I wonder if she is jealous," she thought, as her own eyes fell. Arthur told me that she was, but that he had never given her any reason to believe that it was her natural state of feeling toward all women save herself."

"Why do you wear amber?" cried Inez, the next moment, as if no more important thought ever crossed her mind, with a disdainful examination of the satin dress. "Do you not know that it is a color for brunettes!—my color!"

"It is becoming to brunettes, and not unbefitting to dark-haired blondes, like me. Arthur likes it, and that settles the matter."

"He likes it, does he?" Inez.

"Yes. This belongs to my trousseau. I shall not wear it until after the 'important occasion.'"

"That will be—"

"The twentieth of next month."

"And this is—"

"The twentieth of June. Ah me! Time flies too quickly!"

"Yes it does," assented Inez, "but a great deal can be accomplished in a month, after all. If her tone was significant, the two girls did not notice it. Arthur Miller might have remarked it, had he been present; for he never felt quite at ease about the Spanish woman, with whose passionate nature he was only too well acquainted. Is it true she had made the first advances, since advances can be made by a look as well as a word; but he knew that she was very young, and a creature of untrained impulses, and that nothing could justify his trifling with her as he had done."

If any one could have seen into the heart of the young man, he would have discovered that his fancy and his imagination still were held captive by the willful, spirited Cuban; that it was only the preponderance of Bertha's substantial charms which had outweighed her in the balance; but, as his love, either way, and at the best, is not worth mentioning as a motive power, we will let it pass for what it is, and say that women will love such men just as devotedly as those of deeper natures, and prize their poor, selfish preferences just as highly; and Inez felt as bitterly, as humiliated, as revenged about the desertion of this insincere and shallow man, as if his heart had been something worth retaining."

"You have not told me if I am to be one of the bridesmaids," she said, presently.

"But you have been married; it would scarcely be *en regle*."

"No one will think of that, I am so young yet. Sophie and I will make such a fine contrast. If you say yes, it must be in time for me to order a suitable dress."

"Oh, do consent, Bertha! I should like it extremely; and, as Inez says, no one will think, at the time. We must have Lillian, too—she is so lovely!—and one more. Who shall it be?"

"I don't care," answered the bride-elect, indifferently; "only, I trust it will be a serious one to have a widow among the bridesmaids."

Again that light quivering out of Inez's eyes. "I've not been there since the first week we came out. The view is beautiful. I mean to have a carpet put down, and my painting and embroidery carried up there. Then I can sit there the long summer afternoons, and imagine myself the Lady of Shalott, or the betrothed of a troubadour who has gone to the wars."

"Better be securing some nice *bride-à-de-beau*, and leave off dreaming of troubadours," called Bertha, as the two went away, linked arm in arm, in search of the narrow, dusty stairway leading up to the "tower-room," a small, square chamber, unfurnished, save by an old map of Meredith Place, made by the surveyor of the first purchase, and hung in the tower for safe-keeping and reference—this old map, a wooden settle, where those who climbed here for the view might rest themselves—and a store of old magazines and papers, which Lillian had brought here, probably, from time to time, to read and muse over."

"Some one comes here, if we do not," remarked Sophie, as they held up their delicate dresses from the dusty stairs; and there are the prints of a man's boots, going up and coming down, more than once. Possibly some of our visitors have discovered the beauties of this location. Oh, how entrancing! clouds and blue ether above us! this beautiful country below! I'm in love with this room! I don't care for the rest of the house to live and die here. But first, I must have it cleared out! Betty shall attend to it this very day. And to-morrow I shall bring my things here, and take up my residence."

"You don't mean to sleep here?" inquired Inez, with a shudder. "I wouldn't stay here alone all the year!"

"I'm not as superstitious as you, little darling. Still, I don't know that I care to sleep here. I can enjoy enough of my tower by day—light and sunsets, I dare say. Ah, how splendid the sunset must be up here! Now, Bertha hasn't a particle of romance in her nature. But I am full of it, trifling as I appear. I could be happy here weeks at a time, without the excitement of any society. I do wish papa would buy Meredith Place, and make it our home, and together, in the summer season, I must coax him to do so. What does this yellow old map say? two hundred and eighty acres—and here it is, marked out, hill and dale, meadow and upland, forest and cleared fields; this pretty trout-brook where we took the gentleman the other day, you remember, and your cousin caught a trout on a hook made of a pin. I wonder if we can see it from the tower! Yes, there it is, glimmering a moment out of its shadow in that field by the wood!"

"I wind about, and in and out, with here a blossom saluting, And here and there a lark's throat, And here and there a grayling!"

"Isn't it perfect, Inez?"

"What?" queried her companion, with indifference—"the brook? I suppose so. But I don't care for such things. I wish Meredith Place was mine—as it should be—as it ought to be"—her voice rising with excitement as she thought of it; "I would give my father, and save no more of it. I don't like the country, and I don't like this place. We were so unhappy here," she exclaimed, "Lillian and I. And then to be robbed, as we were."

"You have had a great deal of trouble," replied Sophie, soothingly. "It must have been so hard for you two young girls to be left helpless. I can not imagine what I would do without papa, and without any money. I suppose I should have to teach school, as Miss Meredith does; but, oh, dear, I should like to! I suppose Miss Miller was a great comfort to you, in your first desolation."

"No, not to me. I detest her!"

"Why, is it possible? We all think so much of her."

"I beg your pardon, Sophie. I forgot that her brother was to marry your sister. Lillian thinks the world of her; but I never did. She was jealous of me when I first came here; I could guess that she did not like my marrying the Doctor, but you must not mention it, please, Sophie. Her eyes look straight through any one. I never like to meet them. If you really like Meredith Inez so much, you must make yourself agreeable to Miguel. He tells me he is negotiating for himself. I don't believe he intends giving it back to Lillian, whether she marries him or not. He need not buy it on my account, as I told him, for I would never live here again."

"I wish Miguel would marry you instead of Lily; then I might be induced to visit her occasionally. I suppose, in that case, you would spend your summers here."

"How ridiculous!" cried her friend blushing, "to be speaking of such things, when he has never thought of me. You speak too, as if Don Miguel had only to choose in order to be chosen."

"Well, Sophie, you couldn't help loving him, you know, if he should try to make you! There are not many men like my cousin."

Sophie said nothing; but there was a shadow on her fair face, as the two turned and went down the staircase. Frivolous as their mode of life naturally made her, she had more real feeling than three such girls as Bertha, and it is not impossible that she admired Don Miguel more than was consistent with her happiness. However, she was by no means one of the desponding and melancholy kind; her interest, at present, fixed itself on the tower-chamber, and she gave the household no pause, until Betty had swept down the cobwebs, laid a carpet on the floor, scoured the stairs, and carried up a little table to hold her water-color paints and

work-basket. Then, with the ivy curtaining the narrow and lofty windows, and the June breezes wandering up from the beds of roses below, Sophie declared it the region midway between heaven and earth where she most delighted to dwell, and made every one come up and acknowledge how charming it was.

She was not tired of talking of her tower-chamber, when Saturday evening came, and when Arthur Miller, as usual, to spend Sunday with his betrothed. There were half a dozen other guests about the tea-table, eating strawberries and cream to their hearts' content, when Sophie, sitting opposite Arthur, suddenly exclaimed:

"I have not told you yet, of my great discovery."

"What is that?" he asked, with his pleasant smile.

"Of the tower-chamber!"

His spoon fell crashing into his plate, causing all eyes to turn in his direction. His face was pale and his hand trembled, but he laughed, constrainedly, as he said: "he believed he had had something resembling a sunstroke, as he walked down to the cars, and he did not feel just right."

Bertha wanted to be anxious about him, but he assured her the tea would be the best remedy, and when the attention he had attracted was again diverted, he said to Sophie:

"What about the tower—anything new?"

"Oh, no, nothing new—only we never discovered it before."

"Discovered what?"

"Why, how charming it is up there, of course. I shall no longer give it over to spiders and bats. I have had the chamber furnished, and furnished, and have taken possession in my own name, by right of discovery. I call it 'The Lady's Bower.'"

"Is that all?"

"I should say it was enough. Did you expect there was another continent to be discovered? Since you speak so slightly of my bower, your punishment shall be to assist me in securing it immediately after tea. It is then in all its glory."

"Arthur is fatigued. Do let the bower rest until to-morrow." Bertha was a little impatient.

"By no means," said Arthur, quickly. "I should like nothing better than to explore it this very evening. I have been up once or twice when the doctor's family was here. The view is very fine, if I remember aright."

As soon as they left the table he reminded Sophie of her promise, and the two went up to the tower, just then illuminated with the roseate reflections of a summer sunset.

"It is, indeed, charming. I cannot too much admire your discrimination, little sister. Oh, dear! here is the old map of the original estate—quite a curiosity! Don't disturb that, Miss Sophie; it may be of importance to purchasers sometimes."

"Oh, no! I shall not meddle with the map," said his companion, and after that, although he was warm in praise of her bower, he seemed ready to forsake it for the company of the young lady who awaited him below, and Sophie was left to a twilight reverie in her tower-chamber.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 385.)

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

SOME papers still refuse to believe that the Cincinnati club games will not be counted in November next, when the pennant award is made. We say they will not, and we do it on the basis of two facts, the one being that the old club team of 1877 did not pay their entry fee in time—did not pay it at all, in fact—and the other being that the League laws prohibit a new club from entering unless they are either elected at the annual meeting, or make application for membership before the beginning of the championship season in April.

The League Constitution says that "No club shall be admitted to membership unless it shall first have delivered to the Secretary, at least four days before the annual meeting, a written application for membership," etc. Such application is to be referred to the League Board at "its annual meeting," and at such meeting only.

By this it will be seen that the new club cannot enter for the pennant of 1877, and we cannot see why the League accepted the entry fee from the new organization when they knew that the Constitution of the League prohibited any new club entering the lists after April or before the annual meeting in December.

The victories achieved by the Brooklyn nines over the Louisville at their August meeting imparted new interest to the pennant race, the Brooklyn having previously been regarded as almost out of the race as far as a chance for winning the pennant was concerned. But they appear to have recovered from their semi-demoralized condition of July, when they were so badly whipped out West, their recent victories over the Boston and Louisville having pulled up their record considerably. Up to Aug. 22 the record stood as follows, leaving out the Cincinnati games:

CLUBS.	GAMES WON.	GAMES LOST.
Louisville	22	14
Boston	15	16
Brooklyn	17	18
St. Louis	16	18
Chicago	13	20

THE INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

In this series of contests the Allegheny nine still lead, but the Tecumseh team are close behind them, and if their recent games with the Maple Leafs are to be counted, they lead. The Rochester are third on the list, with the Buckeye and Manchester nines a tie for fourth place. The record to Aug. 22 is as follows:

CLUBS.	GAMES WON.	GAMES LOST.
Allegheny	14	9
Buckeye	10	14
Brooklyn	10	14
Manchester	10	14
Rochester	10	14
Tecumseh	10	14
Games lost	51	112

THE NEW YORK STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The following is the record in this arena to Aug. 22:

CLUBS.	GAMES WON.	GAMES LOST.
Auburn	10	11
Buffalo	10	11
Brooklyn	10	11
Hornells	10	11
Rochester	10	11
Star	10	11
Games lost	11	48

A summary shows the clubs occupying the following relative positions:

CLUBS.	GAMES WON.	GAMES LOST.
Cricket	15	8
Star	11	7
Auburn	11	11
Rochester	11	11
Brooklyn	11	11
Hornells	11	11
Buffalo	11	11
Totals	51	51

THE WESTERN CHAMPIONSHIP.

From the days when the old Empire Club took the lead at St. Louis, and the Excelsiors at Chicago, to the time when the Forest City of Rockford came into notice, and the rivalry between the old Cincinnati and Buckeye nines roused up the West to quite a base ball *furor*, there has always been a desire on the part of one or the other of these Western homes of Base Ball to take the lead in the national game. Cincinnati began it in 1868 by her organization of the first Western professional club. Then came Chicago with their rival White Stocking team, followed by St. Louis with their Brown Stocking nine, and lastly by Louisville in putting their "Greys" into the field. The tour of the Nationals of Washington, in 1867, began the base ball *furor* in the West, and then it was that the Forest City nine of Rockford, with Spalding at their head, first attracted the attention of the base-ball world. From that day may be dated the inception of the contests for the Championship of the Western States.

In 1867 the famous "Red Stocking" nine of Cincinnati went through the season without sustaining a single defeat, and that, too, after encountering every prominent club nine from Maine to California. This team was in reality the first champion club of the United States as well as of the West, for the Atlantics were only champions of the Atlantic State cities, not having traveled West until 1869.

In 1870 the Chicago club was organized to defeat the rival Red Stockings of Cincinnati, and they did it, and then broke up the latter team, the Boston nine being organized from it. Next to enter the lists was the St. Louis nine, which began play in 1875, when they equaled the Chicago nine in a regular season of victories being five to five. In 1876 Chicago once more bore off the palm, their record of victories over the strong teams of St. Louis, Louisville and Cincinnati being as follows:

CHI.	ST. LOU.	LOUISV.	CINCINN.	GAMES WON.
CHICAGO	10	9	10	23
St. Louis	6	8	7	19
Louisville	4	8	7	19
Cincinnati	0	2	2	4
Games lost	7	10	17	25

The Chicago Club not only led St. Louis in total won games by 23 to 19, but in fewer defeats by 7 to 10.

In their games together, however, the St. Louis took the lead by 6 to 4 in won games, and in a supplementary series they whipped Chicago by 4 to 1. It was in this year the Louisville entered the lists for the first time as a competitor in the Western Championship arena. It is noteworthy that in 1876 and 1877 Cincinnati, which was so prominent in 1869 and 1870, had to take the last seat in the class. This year, while we find Chicago leading St. Louis by 8 to 4 in won games in the regular series, Louisville thus far tops all in the struggle for the Western championship. What the ultimate issue will be is something "no feller can find out" at present. It looks as if Louisville would this season bear off the palm. As regards the fight between St. Louis and Chicago, taking all the games the two nines have played together since 1875, the record leaves each club credited with 19 victories, a pretty even fight for a three years' struggle.

The Buffalo Country.

BY N. C. MEEKER.

THE region now most known as the buffalo country lies between Arkansas and the South Platte, and is 200 miles wide from north to south and 300 miles from west to east, making a territory considerably larger than the State of New York. It includes a part of Colorado and Kansas. Although there are heavy settlements and large towns along the base of the mountains, and although two railroads run through this buffalo land, only an extremely small portion has been explored, or even visited. The buffalo are most numerous in the winter along the South Platte, and particularly along the Republican, the course of which is to the south-east, on a diagonal line. The buffalo come up from the south in the fall, along a northerly and southerly line, which, east of Denver, is considerably further from the mountains than fifty miles to the north, because there are cattle ranches and some farms on various tributaries of the Republican that runs nearly north.

What kind of a country it is for 200 miles on the upper waters of the Republican is unknown, for it is unexplored; but it has been gathered by a sort of tradition that, for a part of the distance, water stands in pools and timber is scarce; while lower down, say 150 miles east of the mountains, the stream is large and timber is plentiful. Here hickory, oak, maple, and ash are found, and wild turkeys are abundant. It is certain that the buffalo die here in untold thousands, possibly millions, and that Sioux, Arapahoes and Cheyennes and some Pawnees live here the year round, the chief attraction being the buffalo. It is to be said in favor of the Indians that they never kill more than they need, and that whatever animals they kill they dispose of entirely.

Before the Union Pacific was built, the buffalo roamed as far as the North Platte, and even to the Missouri, but now only a few cross this road, and their range terminates in the valley of the South Platte and of its tributaries, which are small streams coming through the grassy meadows and craggy canons from the north. But there is another vast buffalo range further north, and its limits are between the North Platte and the Missouri, a space from north to south at least 300 miles wide. The settlements on the west of this are scarcely worth naming. It begins nearly 200 miles west of Omaha and Kansas city, and extends to the mountains 400 miles, and in fact to the Pacific. The buffalo region, however, is east of the Rocky Mountains, for scarcely any are found within the mountains. The Salt Lake people have, it is true, received a tradition from the Indians that once buffalo were plentiful in that country, and that they all perished one cold winter; but this is doubtful. For everywhere in the mountains there are sheltered valleys and slopes furnishing grass so that no severity of cold could have destroyed the buffalo if living in that country. The grass of the plains east of the mountains is different from any found West or East, and it is preeminently well suited to the buffalo; hence it may be doubted whether these animals ever roamed in large numbers on the prairies of Iowa and Illinois, and even in the forests of Kentucky, as alleged, and for

the sufficient reason that the grass of these regions loses its nutritious qualities by the fall rains and winter frosts, and becomes wholly unfit for sustaining life. Hence it may be said, with almost positive certainty, that the buffalo region, as it now exists, has been unchanged in character and limits for centuries, and that so far as the range itself is concerned, it will remain unchanged; those on the east are only found in Eastern Dakota. So that there is a buffalo region 300 miles broad and 600 miles long, where millions upon millions are to-day feeding, and where they are likely long to remain. Beyond the Missouri is still another range, longer and broader, reaching into British America, and extending far toward McKenzie's River.

But when the valleys of the Arkansas, the Republican, the Platte and the Missouri shall be settled, the buffaloes will be deprived of water, and their extinction will be inevitable—not for want of food, for this always must remain, but for want of water, unless some special provision shall be made. There are, however, many springs and small streams between these rivers, which always must be remote from settlements, and here the buffalo may linger long, unless ranchmen seek them out, as they are likely to do, as head-quarters for cattle ranches.

Considerable is said about the wanton destruction of the buffalo, but this is probably much less now than it was ten years ago, when thousands upon thousands of teams traversed the valleys of the Platte, the Smoky Hill, and the Arkansas, and when the slaughter was great. Now that all travel is done by rail, two lines being completed and another nearly so, only a few hunters, comparatively, enter upon the feeding-grounds, and the increase of buffalo must be greater than it has been since the days when the Indians occupied the whole country, at which time these animals occupied all that part of Colorado now settled, and a wide border besides, that is, a country 300 miles long and 100 to 150 miles wide.

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ON SOME MORE HASH.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Immortal dish the proud Egyptian queen
Placed on the royal board
With all rare viands stored
At that far festive scene
And made the Roman Antony to bow
In homage at her feet
A plate of this here hash
And complicated revolutionary meat
And onions sits before me now

Another spoonful to inspire my soul!
Food of the gods, by fairy hand
Stolen from the Peleian board, where, cheek by
Were ranged the gods in banquet grand;
And handed down to later time
Delicious and sublime
To make the cheapest boarder's heart
Each morning thrill and start
To see it put upon the table hot
And steaming from the pot—
He welcomes thee with smiles. Why not?

How regular it comes!
Not with great pomp and roar of drums.
The good landlady silently steals in
Like some good angel unawares
And sets it down the last, and lifts the tin—
Transported boarder flings pitch in
And loses your carol!

How has this good dish been maligned
By folks of little mind?
Who seem in it to find
Commodities unfit for food.
Maligned—misunderstood!
They are goshes, poor souls,
And they live upon the rolls
Of the hostess—and her scrolls.
Depending for their board and bunk
On stuffed valise and brick-filled trunk,
And they show how they were reared
By getting in across I'm afraid.
And after demolishing the hash
As a substitute for cash,
Its reputation smashes.

What the conglomeration of this dish
For which the boarder's
They can't say there is nothing in it.
Stop a minute,
And we will hold post-mortem
Examination and autopsies—
Foundation strata meats,
Choice bits
Economized from supper:
They might be somewhat tougher;
Little bits of mutton stewed;
Little strips of beefsteak chewed;
Odds of ham and veal and ends of bone
To give it tone;
The whole recooked.
It is not rash to say all flesh is hash.
Potatoes and chicken knuckles;
Signs that they had looked
In the wrong place for the shoe-buckles;
Evidence that the plate of face
Got rather out of place;
Assurances at most
The hooks and eyes there were not wholly lost;
Hairs carefully poked out,
And flies effectually removed
As if they'd never been about;
And glorious onions!

And yet the average boarder growls
Over the smoking bowl
Ah, could they ask more in it, say?
Should they repeat it
They should be sent away
And never be allowed to eat it.

The Flyaway Afloat:

OR,
YANKEE BOYS 'ROUND THE WORLD.
BY C. D. CLARK,
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"CAMP AND CANOE," "ROD AND RIFLE,"
"THE SEAL HUNTERS," ETC.

V.
A STRANGE ABDUCTION—ON THE COAST OF BORNEO.

THEY had left Rona, at the house of Captain Finney, in charge of his wife, who had taken a violent fancy to the Chinese girl, and promised to guard her carefully.

The first day was pleasantly spent in wandering about the city, and noting the objects of interest, strange to any one who has never seen the Queen City of Java, and in buying small articles of Chinese and Japanese manufacture. Captain Dave had given Rona plenty of money, and woman-like, she enjoyed spending it.

The Irish lady, like all her warm-hearted race, could not make enough of the beautiful girl. They could talk to one another of their absent husbands, and speak of their goodness, and so there was a feeling in common.

On the evening of the second day they were seated in the handsome parlor of the private residence of Captain Finney, situated not far from the cathedral, when a rap came at the door and a servant entered. He was a "brother of a boy," a true son of the "gem of the sea," who occupied a sort of confidential position in the family of Captain Finney.

"Sure, mistress," he said, "av ye must know it, there's some divilry afoot."

"What do you mean, Patrick?" asked Mrs. Finney.

"Sure that devil Nader has been here twice the day to find out if the captain w'd be back the night, an' I told him if any man asked him, sure he could say he asked me, an' I wouldn't tell him."

"That was right, Patrick. I have no confidence in the man, and Captain Finney believes that he is in league with Tonan Mai. Keep a good watch, and do not allow any one to come near the house to-night."

Pat made a rude bow and went away, taking up a thick stick which he had placed outside the door, and twirling it in his fingers with a delighted laugh. At the hall door he met Mary O'Toole, a fellow servant, who had an empty plate in her hand.

"Pat, alannah," she said, "sure something is wrong wid Tiger."

"Why is that, acushla?"

"Sure I gave him some mate, an' he only looks at it and won't touch it."

Pat hurried out to the kennel, where Tiger, a beautiful English bull-dog, who was kept chained through the day, was lying upon the straw of his box. As he looked up, Pat saw that his eyes were injected with blood and that he had hardly power to raise his head.

"Arrah, Tiger, Tiger, an' boy!" said Pat, laying his hand upon the head of the dog. "Mavoureen, what is the matter wid ye?"

The dog feebly licked the hand of the Irishman, gave a sort of sob, stretched out his limbs upon the straw, and lay silent. Pat laid his hand upon him and found that the heart had stopped beating. The noble dog was dead!

The howl that Pat set up at this loss was loud enough to be heard in the house, and he came in, lugging the body in his arms.

They laid the animal upon the kitchen floor, and used every remedy which they could think of, but it was of no avail.

"Oh, the divil fly away wid Nader!" cried Pat. "He's poisoned the dog; 'I'll lay me lie on it."

"Bate him av ye are sure, Pat," suggested Mary.

"I've got something else to think of now," replied Pat. "Take him out to the kennel while I run to the mistress, Mary dear."

Mrs. Finney looked grave when Pat reported the misfortune, but she knew that there were many people in Java who feared the dog, and any of the importunate beggars of Batavia, who had been driven away by fear of him, might have done the cowardly deed.

"It may mean mischief, and it may not, Pat. Look all the doors and mount guard, and remember that no one is to enter here to-night, unless you know just who it is, and have reported to me first."

Pat went away again and obeyed orders. He got down his gun and loaded it with great care, muttering curses upon the head of Nader, whom he still believed to be the cause of this misfortune. But the night wore on, and nothing was heard to give them any cause for alarm.

At an early hour of the evening the ladies had retired to Mrs. Finney's room, where they were to pass the night together. Each put on a light wrapper and were seated at the window, when behind each arose a shadowy form, and something was thrown over their heads which made crying out impossible. Then the lights went out and all was silent in the room.

Next morning the house was in confusion. An alarm went through Batavia that Captain Finney's lady and the wife of Captain Sawyer had been abducted, but how or by whom it was impossible to say. The Irishman was wild with grief, and declared that he had not left the hall during the night, and that no alarm had been raised. The window, which opened upon the lawn, was examined, and showed below it the marks of feet, which passed from thence through the back of the grounds to the next street, where all trace was lost. A watchman declared that about eleven o'clock a party had left the grounds by the back gate, but he had not noticed anything suspicious in their movements. One of them he had recognized as Nader, but he knew that the man came often to Captain Finney's house, and thought nothing of his presence there.

The search was commenced at once, and began at Nader's house, but that worthy person had not been seen since early in the evening. His servants knew nothing about him, but said that he was in the habit of leaving home without giving any reason for his absence. One of them, upon being closely questioned, admitted that two strangers had come to the house that afternoon, dark-faced men, who, although they were dressed as Javanese, looked more like Malays. These men had remained in the house, and had had gone out twice. The third time when he went out, the men went with him, and none of them had returned.

While the search was at its height, the hunting party came dashing home at full speed. Some of them had fountained the horses which they rode, and bought others upon the route; but they came too late. The Parsee was with them, and he betrayed no surprise when he heard the news.

"Let your hearts be strong, oh sahibs," he adjured. "This is the hand of Tonan Mai and Nader. The brotherhood of the serpent strike in secret, and rarely miss their mark. If you seek for those you have lost seek for them upon the sea."

"Upon the sea! In that limitless expanse where shall we look for them?" groaned Richard Wade.

"If Tonan Mai has taken them, I can guide you on the way. The Captain Sahib has a ship. Let us take it and search for the lost."

His opinion was quickly confirmed. An English armed trader, coming into port in a partially disabled condition, reported that they had been attacked by a Malay pirate within ten leagues of the coast. By a lucky shot they had so disabled the pirate that he gave up the contest, and stood away toward the coast of Borneo. He showed as his colors a green flag with a black center.

"I have said it," said the Parsee. "It is the flag of Tonan Mai, and he has taken the women. Let us waste no time."

All saw that this was the only hope, and in an hour's time, having taken aboard twenty marines, under command of Captain Finney, the Flyaway sailed. Scarcely had they cleared the coast when there arose one of those fearful storms which sweep these seas, and before which they were obliged to run. When the storm broke they were not far from the coast of Borneo, and kept on their course, knowing that such a storm would drive the proa of the Malay pirate before it, if indeed it did not sink her.

In an hour the coast rose black and grim before them, and changing their course, they stood up the coast, searching it with their glasses. Ten leagues to the south of Labuan Captain Dave, who was anxiously watching the coast, uttered a loud cry of joy.

"There is a proa ashore," he cried; "and, by George, that is Tonan Mai's flag fluttering from the broken mast."

The proa had been beached upon the coast, evidently driven there by the storm, and the schooner at once stood in closer. A short distance above they found an inlet, and ran in. An armed party was quickly on shore, and leaving only barely enough to take charge of the schooner, they advanced on a run, and soon reached the wreck, for a wreck it was. The Malay had rushed upon the beach head on, and the bottom was completely torn out of the proa, leaving her past all hope of repair. And, tangled in the splintered bulwark, was a lace, all which Sawyer caught up with a cry of delight, and pressed to his lips.

"It is Rona's veil!" he said. "Captain Finney, by the help of God we will save them yet."

They were upon the right track; and calling to the front the Parsee, who knew the ground well, they at once took up the trail.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 390.)

TALES WORTH TELLING.

BY LAUNCE PONTZ.

I.
CURELY'S SCOUT.

NEARLY seventy years ago, France was the first nation of Europe, and Napoleon was in the zenith of his glory and success. There are some men still alive that remember those times, and almost all of us saw more or less of Napoleon's veterans when we were children. Many a dashing and romantic deed was done by unknown soldiers during Napoleon's wars, now forgotten in the luster of the great battles, but well worth the telling of to-day, and I have thought what an interest some of the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL to hear some of them. We will begin with the remarkable expedition of Captain Curely, of which but very few people have ever heard, but which was full of romance.

In the summer of 1809, when Napoleon overran Austria for the third time and besieged Vienna, a part of his army was in Italy, under General Beaulharnais, the French Emperor's stepson, slowly following the Austrians, who were retiring to the north under the Archduke Charles. They were in Lombardy, and the northern part of Italy was then called, and General Colbert commanded a brigade of cavalry in the advance of the French army.

It was a clear still morning, just before sunrise, and thousands of little twinkling points, scattered over the landscape, revealed themselves as the camp-fires of the French army. A group of white tents, the only ones in sight, were the headquarters of the advance cavalry, for the French only allowed tents to those superior officers who were obliged to consult maps which required shelter. The sleepers round the fires were beginning to stir, and the low hum of conversation was increasing every moment, while the long lines of cavalry horses were pawing the ground impatiently at the picket-ropes, and whinnying for their morning feed. Around the headquarters was still silent, a dismounted sentry was pacing slowly up and down in front of the general's tent, when the regular muffled beats of a horse at a gallop were suddenly heard, and a mounted orderly dashed up to headquarters, and pulled up in front of the general's tent.

"General Colbert's quarters?" he asked.

"Ay, ay," said the sentry, a little gruffly, for he felt chilly. "Any orders?"

"Yes, from the viceroy," said the orderly, swinging himself from the saddle. "Rouse him up, chasseur. They are marked immediate."

The sentry knocked at the tent door, and before he had time to speak, out stepped a tall, slender young officer, with very sharp black eyes and a long, heavy black mustache. Early as it was his uniform was as neat, his hair as well brushed, as if he had been up some time, and his dark picturesque chasseur dolman and pelisse, his closely fitting buckskin breeches and polished Hessians, were fresh and unwrinkled.

"I am General Colbert's aide-de-camp. Give me the orders," he said, curtly, and the orderly obeyed, saluting.

The young aide disappeared into the tent, where a stern, gray-headed old officer was sitting up in his camp-bed, listening.

"Orders from the viceroy, general?"

The general opened the big envelope, with its red seal and ran it over hastily.

"Ha—um—very good—certainly," he muttered. Here, Curely, a little work for you, my boy. His highness orders me to send a trustworthy officer, with a hundred men, to reconnoiter the Austrian march, and find whether they are retiring on Venice or the Tyrol. Take Guerin's squadron, and be off. Report to me to-morrow morning. Good-by."

And the general threw him the order, turned over, and went to sleep again; for it was one of his fixed principles never to get up till his column was ready to move.

Curely never smiled. He merely saluted, turned on his heel, and left the tent. He knew he was going on a difficult and dangerous duty, but the general trusted him so implicitly that he felt the very going to sleep as a compliment.

Half an hour later, the early rays of the sun shone on long lines of stamping horses, eating their corn and switching away the flies, while the cavalry soldiers were brushing and scraping combs and brushes was incessant. Through the midst of the lines, a small compact column of horsemen, three abreast, was trotting gently out toward the dim veil of smoke in the distance that told of the Austrian outposts.

"Filios, Curely, whither bound?" asked the captain of a horse battery, as the column passed him, headed by the lithe, nervous-looking young aide.

Curely smiled. He answered, "Perhaps to Vienna, perhaps to Naples. *Ad revoir.*"

"You won't get much out of Curely when he's under orders," remarked another officer, as the column trotted by. "He keeps a close mouth, but he thinks—morbleu, how he thinks! You'll hear of him before very long."

Meantime Curely, at the head of his little column of horse, had passed the furthest camp, and came out behind the line of outposts which stretched far out in front of the cavalry toward the Austrians. The country was flat and marshy, and full of rich fields, winding roads, little villages scattered around, while patches of wood here and there prevented anything like an extensive view.

The faint line of blue smoke in the distance told of the Austrian army, but not a soul was to be seen on their outposts. Curely's task was to find out where they were going, and it was by no means easy. As soon as he found himself behind the French line of outposts, the young captain turned sharp to the right, and rode straight away behind the line at a quick trot, followed by the troops. His men were all picked chassours, wearing the same rich dress as himself. A black fur bushy, dark green jacket and pelisse barred with black, tight breeches and Hessian boots, saber, carbine and pistols to each man, low, sturdy horses, with a single day's force slung at the saddle, such was the appearance of Curely's little troop, seventy years ago.

Pretty soon they had passed the last outpost on the right, and struck out into the solitary fields, which looked as silent, once the army was passed, as if the country had been stricken with the plague.

For at least half an hour after leaving the army, Curely kept his trot, till he had crossed a number of fields and entered a quiet, shady road, sheltered by trees on both sides, and marked with old, faint ruts that told of infrequent travel.

As soon as he reached this road, he turned into it, and followed it at an easy walk, in silence, for some time. Ordinarily he was quite a fluent talker, but this day he was unusually silent, and the officer of the squadron found it impossible to extricate a word from him. He was constantly glancing nervously into the openings between the trees far ahead, as if watching for something. There was very little conversation in the column behind, moreover. The men knew they were away from their own army, and soldiers are very much like sheep, timid in a strange place.

At last Curely nodded his head sharply, as something caught his eye. Compressing his lips, he exclaimed, "I thought so!" and his face cleared up.

Captain Guerin laughed a little sulkily. "You've had time enough to think, I should say. Not a word to be got out of you for the last hour. Where are we going, if the question is admissible?"

Curely turned to him. "We are going to visit the Archduke Charles at his quarters."

Guerin stared. Then he burst out laughing. "Well, they call you a dare-devil, Curely, but I think that will puzzle even you. How do you propose to get there?"

"Listen," said Curely, in a low tone. "Look over to our left front. Do you see those white specks?"

Guerin peered under his hand in the direction indicated, and exhibited traces of excitement. "By heavens! it is the enemy's wagon train! But you can't surely intend to attack it with this handful!"

"Not a bit of it. My orders are to find where the Austrians are going, and no one can tell us that but their general. You see their patrolling is slack. We are quite outside their flankers, and they have not seen us. I intend to go into camp with their tonight. Headquarters are sure to be near the wagon train. Let us trot."

As he spoke he quickened his pace and the little column trotted on for another half-hour, till they had placed at least a dozen miles between themselves and their morning bivouac. The sun was now high in the sky, and the line of march pursued by the distant wagon train, and led them at last to a small Italian village, where their arrival produced a great panic. Curely rode into the place full gallop before any one could escape, and had it surrounded with his men, who were still hidden in the village green. There he saw in front of the village inn, two cavalry horses with the Austrian eagle on their trappings.

As soon as the villagers found that the newcomers were French, they laid aside their fears, and they were all favored their allies as much as they hated the Germans. A few words from Curely, followed by the clink of gold, and the two Austrian riders were pulled out of the inn, proving to be Hungarian Hussars, who had wandered off, intending to plunder and desert, ending by falling into the enemy's hands.

A few close questions, enforced by the sight of a cocked pistol, and the prisoners told where they had heard that Austrian head-quarters were to be fixed that night—a small village about twelve miles from where they then were. Curely engaged one of the principal villagers as a guide, and started off at the same rapid pace, taking the prisoners with him. In less than two hours he was in full sight of the promised village, where not an Austrian had yet arrived.

The village was a wide, sandy plain, not more than twenty houses surrounded by vines and a wide, bare-looking sandy plain thinly covered with coarse grass, made an undiscovered approach quite impracticable. This plain was about three-quarters of a mile wide, and Curely halted in a thick wood at its edge, in the middle of the afternoon. Then he hid away all his men in the thickest, cautioning them to silence, and the most difficult part of his task was over. He was all alone, undiscovered, full in the rear of the Austrian army, having circled round them successfully.

No sooner were his men settled comfortably feeding their horses, than the dust of the Austrian trains began to become visible, and Curely, hiding at the edge of the wood, coolly watched wagon after wagon go into park on the other side of the village, while the retreating army slowly followed its train.

The sun went down, and still they kept coming, and sure enough, Curely saw the head-quarters flag, followed by the glittering staff of the

archduke, enter the village, while the tents sprung up on the other side. He was just congratulating himself on the success of his plans, when he received a sudden check.

A tramping and bellowing was heard in the underbrush behind him, as a great herd of cattle came through, and the voices of the herdsmen, driving their charges home, warned him that his men would be discovered in another moment. Here Curely's decision and promptness were admirable. He ran back to his men with drawn saber, and before the astonished herdsmen knew what had happened, they found themselves prisoners and tied to trees. Then, giving the word, all the chassours led out their horses, mixed up with the cattle, and walked boldly toward the village in the gloom. The ruse was perfectly successful. Without exciting a breath of distrust, they entered the village, and Curely advanced right up to the little inn where the archduke was quartered, as if he belonged there, and peered in at the ground floor window. Three generals were at a table, covered with papers. Then a rough hand seized Curely, as the archduke's sentry spluttered out:

"Gott in himmel! what are you doing?"

Curely, like a flash, shot the man dead, and at the signal, his chassours leaped on their horses, and began to shoot in the darkness. Curely dashed into the general's room, firing a second pistol into the midst of the group, smashing the window as he went, and followed by Guerin, also firing. With singular haste and unanimity the Austrian generals tumbled out of the door, shouting for help, as Curely swept every paper from the table in a bunch, and escaped as he had entered, unharmed.

In another minute he and his men were galloping down the street and back to their own camp, amid a perfect babel of confusion, quite unmolested. In five minutes they were back in the wood, amid perfect quiet, for the Austrian cavalry was all undressed, and so demoralized as to be unable to organize a successful pursuit.

Curely, without having lost man or horse, trotted off up the road he had come, and was rewarded, in an hour more, by the sight of the French watchfires, glittering to the right, not a mile off.

Before midnight, he and his general were laughing over his successful scout, and inspecting the written orders of the archduke, which Curely had snatched so cleverly. He had found where the Austrians were going, and had settled the whole plan of a campaign by his daring and subtlety.

(To be continued.)

What it Meant.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

A RUINOUS old mill, with the sunset throwing a lurid gleam over its moldy sides and moss-grown roof, and two young men facing each other in the full stream of the crimson light where it fell from a wide aperture in the western wall. Outside, a decaying platform overhung the river, dark, rapid and deep, in one quiet eddy of which a cork danced and floated idly on the waves.

One of those confronting faces was stamped with horror and grief unspeakable; the other, sneering, demoniacal, exulting, murderous.

"Your own last freak has sealed your doom. I tell you now that I have always hated you with all my heart. Do you need to ask why? Because you had it in your power to shiver beneath my hand—because you were planning to balk me of all I have schemed for years to possess, and because the whim which induced you to make your will in Alma Eruth's favor, has left the way clear for me to get both the girl I love and the fortune I have envied you, when the slight impediment of your life is removed from the way. She is in love with you now, and she has no great liking for me, but women have been in worse humors wooed; this woman shall find herself easily won."

Thus Felix Rath, pouring forth the bitterness which had festered in his evil heart, revealing himself in all his hideous moral deformity to Elmer Noble, who had held him as his dearest friend. The stupor of horror which had bound the latter so far, broke.

Heaven preserve her from such a fate. Heaven will defeat your villainous purpose; it will never be permitted you to do this terrible crime."

"Will it not? We shall soon see how far Heaven will interfere."

Quick as a flash his arm went up, and the heavy cane he carried descended with a dull thud upon the other's head. The force of the blow sent Noble staggering backward through the aperture and out upon the tottering platform. The rotten timbers swayed, creaking dismally, and then gave way. There was a confused scene for a moment of the black water stirred and agitated by the debris from the midst of which a white, deathlike face gleamed forth and then was struck downward by a falling beam.

Rath, peering down, to make sure that his victim had not escaped him, saw it all.

"If he had the strength of Sampson he could not get out with all that weight pinning him down," he muttered, as he turned away. "He is dead, and my way is clear."

And below the cork on the pool bobbed up and down and disappeared, and after a short interval came to the surface again, as the finny prize fought its battle with hook and glittering bait and made its escape for lack of the angler's skillful hand.

"Our poor friend is dead, Alma. To think otherwise is only to hope against hope. You know as well as I how the dread of some impending evil hung over him; you know it drove him to what is a strange step for so young a man to take—the making of his will, and settling of all his worldly affairs. You know, also, what I am forced to believe, that in one of his desponding moods he destroyed himself. What else could his solemn charge to me have meant?"

You have told me what that was, Mr. Rath. If anything happens, see that Alma's future is assured as I have provided for it, Felix. Tell her not to grieve too much, and may Heaven bless her when she makes another and a better choice, as I would wish her to do soon. Those were his very words."

"His very words," assented Rath. "It was the misfortune of his gloomy nature to be always assailed by doubts. It would be useless to follow the course of reasoning which may have driven him to his unhappy fate. As his executor I am bound to carry out the conditions of his will, and at the same time obey his latest charge. And, Alma, Alma! listen to my love, hopeless while he lived. Your grief is my grief too, my love, and all my life will be too short to show you the depth of my devotion."

He rose from his chair and came toward her as he uttered that passionate appeal, but with a sudden uplifting of her hands Alma waved him back. She, too, arose.

For the first time he observed the glitter of excitement strongly repressed which was in her eyes, its glow staining her cheeks to brilliant carmine, and a hint of it breaking her smooth low tones.

"This is not the first time you have spoken of your love, premature as you doubtless

know such a declaration must be. Instead of blessing my choice, should it fall upon you, do you not think Elmer would have cause to pray, if he knew of this, Heaven preserve her from such a fate!"

The words struck Rath like a galvanic shock, and before he could recover himself to reply, she went on, passionately:

"Once and for all you shall have your answer, Felix Rath. You shall learn all that your perjury has availed you." She turned her face, radiant now with a look he could not understand, and called softly, "Elmer, love!"

And, as if her voice had power to pierce beyond the grave, Elmer Noble stood before them.

Was it Elmer? What did this mean? Rath drew his breath hard, ice-cold drops started out upon his forehead as he stared in terror and doubt that resolved itself into certainty as the other spoke.

"Do you need any further answer, Felix? Need I say that while I live, I will relieve you of all further trouble regarding either my future bride or the disposal of my wealth? Be assured."

Rath, with a cry of rage and disappointment, started forward.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "Not Elmer Noble that I know, Alma, you cannot be so deceived. This fellow is an impostor, like him indeed, but no more Noble than I am."

"Then I would be reft of all nobility indeed," responded the other with provoking coolness. Then sternly, "Go your way, and remember that a blow upon the head and a plunge in the river do not always kill, my friend."

Livid, gasping, baffled yet unconvinced, Rath made a final appeal.

"Alma, can you acknowledge this fellow in Elmer's stead?"

Her calm gaze met his steadily. "I know him to be Elmer. As if I could be deceived."

"And one might not think it wise of you, of all men, to doubt my identity," out in her companion grimly.

But, doubt it Rath did, and in the long watches of the night which followed he studied out an explanation of all which seemed most mysterious to him first. This man who called himself by Noble's name knew all that had transpired at the mill that fatal evening; he had been there, an unsuspected witness of his crime. He was making use of his knowledge for his own ends, but he, Rath, would not be outdone by a scheming villain like himself. The same means which had proved successful in the other's hands might win for him yet.

When he presented himself at Miss Eruth's house again he was refused admission. A week had not gone by until he learned that a quiet marriage was on the tapis there, and with all the bitterness of his vindictive nature he followed the course he had already decided upon.

On the morning of the wedding-day he was there again, with a companion this time and forced his way past the hesitating servant as one who had a right. He sent a penciled demand to Alma, which she answered by appearing upon Noble's arm.

"You would not believe my word regarding this impostor. I have brought you proof, Perkins, my man, tell your story to this lady as you have already told it to me."

Perkins was a most disreputable specimen of the genus tramp by his look, and thus adjured, he repeated his lesson with glib and thorough hardihood. He had been fishing from the bank opposite the mill, had witnessed the altercation of two men within the structure, had seen one strike the other a blow, and fling him, along with the falling platform, into the river. The man before him was the murderer; he was ready to swear to it, and for proof, why there was the body yet at the bottom of the river.

"And ugly business as it is," resumed Rath, with ill-concealed triumph, "the bridegroom must be arrested on his bridal morn. You need not look about you with the thought of escape, sir; there are officers without, prepared to take you in charge."

"First let me rectify one slight mistake you have made," said the person addressed, with admirable coolness. "I am not the principal intended for this happy occasion; allow me to present to you the bridegroom, Elmer Noble, in all reality."